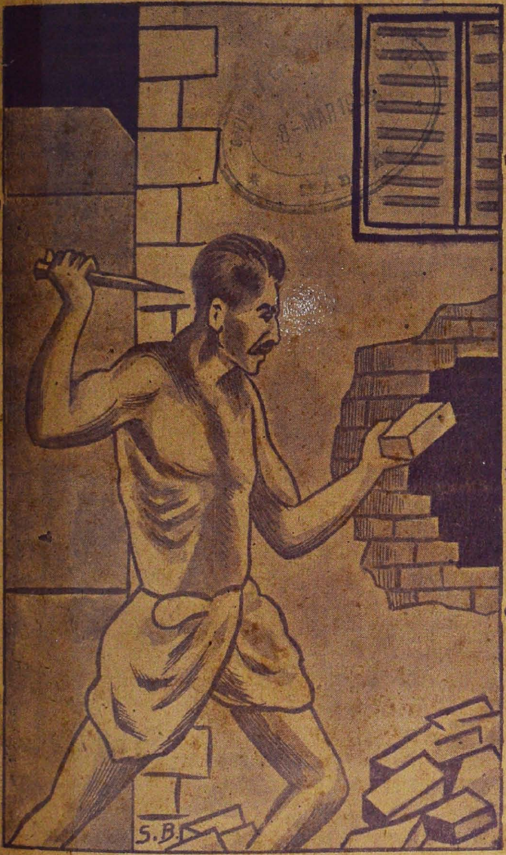
MAG

Seeking an Opening



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20TH FEB., 1935

DELIGHTFUL STORIES BY

'MEA'
T. L. EDWIN
RUBIKON
A. C. PETERS
H. N. CLAY

And 350 Rs. waiting to be won!

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S. BRAHMA

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TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Only articles of a humorous nature *originally written* and *certified as such by the contributor* may be sent. *Copied articles or Slightly garbled ones need not be sent.* All manuscripts should bear the name and address of the contributor written in a prominent place. The manuscripts must be either typed or legibly written on one side of the paper with plenty of space between lines for editorial corrections if any. After the Editor has finished considering the articles rejected manuscripts will be returned if they are accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the loss of any. Articles will be paid at our usual rates. Contributions must be addressed to :—Editor, Funny Magzin.

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THE FUNNY MAG

PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol II. | MADRAS, 20th FEBRUARY, 1935. | No. 14.

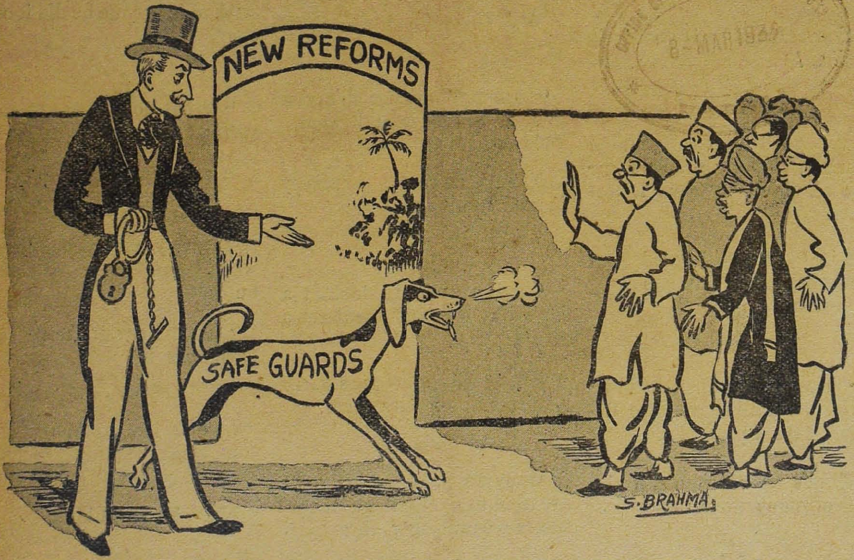
Yet another Puzzle for Friend Willingdon!

Why not Indian Brothers get into New Reforms?

Surely, it is all so lovely so breezy, so sunshiny!

"Lovely or Not, We sha'n't, with that dog there!" say Indians.

8-MAR 1935



Lord Willingdon," Look here, my friends, I am sure I couldn't turn out these Reforms more favourably than this. In the Centre or away in the Provinces, it is all done up nicely. Why keep out, I wonder! Surely, if this nice pet worries you I can assure you it is absolutely harmless. Come in, good friends."

Indians of all Parties," Your motives are certainly excellant, Your Excellency, but with that animal there, no, we can't get in."

196747

FUNZIN'S FORTNIGHTLY COCKTAIL

A man in Court said that after a few drinks he always imagine himself to be quite rich.

Sometimes he is positively *rolling !*

***

We read that a peculiar smell in a Madras office defied all efforts to trace it last week.

Finally it was decided that it was caused by business being so rotten.

***

" Most of our cherished historical anecdotes are pure fiction," says a professor.

That's more than can be said of many modern novels.

***

A doctor warns us that there are over 10,000 germs in a kiss. Young people however are far too busy to bother their heads about figures of that sort.

***

" What do photographs of film actresses reveal to us ?" asks a correspondent.

Any amount.

***

"I am quite convinced, says a spiritualist that certain household articles are cursed !'.

Yes Alarm clocks especially in cold mornings.

***

" It is a tonic to look at a beautiful woman," declares a writer.

That's why most girls carry a mirror about with them.

***

Many animals, we are told, are able to camouflage themselves when danger threatens.

With some, of course, it is quite impossible. The leopard for instance is always spotted.

***

" I posses more medals for athletics than any one else in India " brags a subscriber.

We guess he is a pawnbroker.

***

" How can I regain my youth," asks a fair reader.

We advise her to threaten him with breach of promise.

***

"A woman is out of *place* in a race course."

So often are the horses she backs !

***

" A young man *once* kissed me and I was very furious," says a fair reader.

Was it becaue he did it only *once* ?

***

" What do people generally wear at Guindy ? "

A sad expression.

***

"I always pay a compliment when I can " says a contributor.

But that doesn't settle your bills, does it ?

***

I would like to know what you think of my enclosed M. S. S writes a contributor.

No. You wouldn't.

***

The man who hangs about, can never make good at his job.

Unless he happens to be a trapeze *artiste* of course.

***

M81,N33FM
N34.2.14

VENKAT IN LOVE

BY T. L. EDWIN

"THE course of true love", said Venkat from within the cosy depths of my favourite arm-chair, "is as you are probably aware, a notoriously meandering one."

"Too true" I agreed.

"When first I fell in love--"

"With whom?" I interrupted.

"You must listen and not interrupt, fathead," said Venkat with heat.

I withdrew into my shell like a disturbed snail.

"When I first fell in love with Malathi, I never for a moment thought that girls could be such deceivers."

"But who is this Malathi?" I interrupted.

"I guess I'll have to tell you from the beginning," said Venkat and blowing a ring of smoke towards the ceiling, began

"Last Thursday I was walking along a lane down Chintadripet at about Nine P. M. when suddenly, a muffled thud came to my ears and something fell from a window, plop in front of me. Instinctively I stepped backwards, and then gave a gasp of surprise, for the something straightened itself and turned out to be a girl!

I must have exclaimed aloud, for the girl swung round and uttered a startled "oh!"

I said I was sorry if I had startled her.

"Well, you certainly did" said the girl, and made as if to go. But I planted myself in front of her.

"Look here" I began, "I don't see—I'm sure it's all right, but–er—dash it! You jump out of a house through the window at an unholy hour, and how–er–how do I know what you've been up to?"

THE girl drew herself up haughtily. And Eddie my boy! What a figure! She was exquisite. Full of 'It' and vivacity and—

"Hold your breath, old yegg and go ahead," I interrupted for when Venkat, begins describing a girl there'd be no end to it. "Well, as I was saying she drew herself up haughtily, and said, "If you want to know, it's my own house, and I live there. And now that you know that everything is all right, I've got to go. I've an appointment to keep at 9-30 P. M."

"Sorry," I interrupted firmly, "but you've got to explain."

"Supposing I refuse?"

"In that case I'll have to inform the occupants of this house about you."

"Oh, very well, then," sighed the girl. "Step along a bit though. I'll tell you as we go".

Now, the prospect of walking along with such a divine creature was a thing not to be missed and so I fell in line.

"If you must know," she said "that is my own house. My father lives there and he's a bit old fashioned, and thinks a girl of seventeen has no right to go to Cinemas with other girl friends."

So you're bunking off without his knowledge eh?

"Exactly. You've hit it right on the bulls-eye. Evidently you're a

'FUNNY MAGZIN'

February Lucky Number Scheme

CASH PRIZE RS. 100

Rs. 25 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the two 1st Lucky numbers.

Rs 10 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the three 2nd Lucky numbers.

Rs. 5 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the four 3rd Lucky numbers.

The list of Lucky numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Magzin dated 5—2—35.

wise guy!" This bit of flattery coming from such kissable lips was very pleasant to me. "But" I began "with whom are you going to the show?"

"There! You are getting quite inquisitive. Aren't you? If you must know she's a college girl ten shades prettier than me, and her name's Sharada, and now thanks for the jolly walk. I'm afraid I'll have to hurry."

"I'm coming with you," I announced I can't allow you to go all alone. And surely you can't return all alone at midnight. Moreover I kinda think I like you."

She gave me a mischievous look and said,

"Now do be a sport. What will my girl friends think if you come along with me. Why! It's scandalous."

This sounded quite logical.

"I guess you're right, but I'll accompany you to the Cinema and wait for you at the end. By the By, What's your name?"

"Malathi"

A muffled thud came to my ears ...

"What a lovely name. And I say Malathi, how about us going to another picture-house to-morrow?"

"But I do not know who you are?"

"Well then here goes. Name Venkat Rao, Caste Brahmin, Age twenty-four, Height 5' 7½"—profession Income-tax clerk. Weight—er, I think that ain't necessary."

The girl laughed like music.

"All right, we'll go to-morrow," she cooed, I think I rather like you."

"Really Mala, I'm just crazy about you. Sort of er—Love at first sight." Again the girl laughed and in a few minutes, we arrived at Wellington Cinema.

"Well, you go and purchase two tickets, and meanwhile I'll look if Sharada has come."

Without waiting a second I flew to the booking clerk and purchased two First Class tickets, and when I returned, I saw her talking and laughing with an immaculately clad bounder. "Here you are. Two tickets and hurry up" I said. Then the bounder spoke:

"Who are you? and what do you mean by this?"

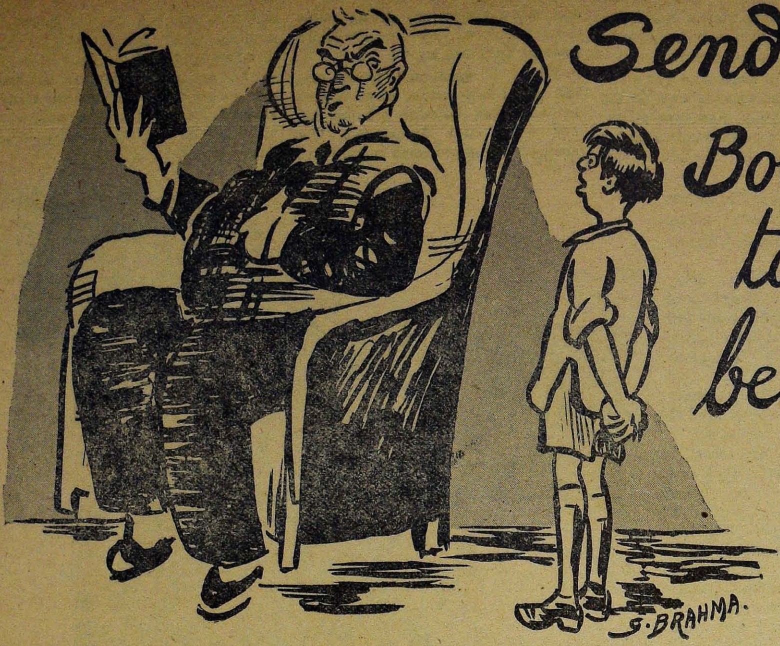
I was stumped.

"I, er—er," I began, but before I could complete the sentence, he gave me a hefty one on my short-rib. And Eddie, old chap, I saw more stars that day than any living astronomer equipped with a 1—50000 powered Telescope could!

When I woke and picked myself up, I saw quite a crowd around me and that deceitful girl and her boy friend had disappeared. One amongst the crowd came forward and said that cads like me who go about insulting young ladies ought to be thrashed and that I had only deserved what I got and that he too felt like giving me one, and was sure that many amongst the crowd felt the same way about it. So there was nothing to be done there, and I slunk away.

... *Gave me a hefty one on my short-rib.*

Sending Bobby to bed.



BY A.C. PETERS

My boy, little pal, it is time for us to part.

My boy, little pal' you're entwined around my heart.

My boy, little pal, you,ve a future,

I pray will be fu'l of joy,

But there's one thing, I know,

That wherever you go,

You will always be my boy.

—From the Song "MY BOY."

'WHEN is Span going to have puppies, daddy ?'

"What ?"

"Puppies, I have pomised Amy Thompson one."

"Oh, you have. You seem to be starting early, eh ?"

" No-oo-I want a puppy, daddy."

" But you can't have one, cos Span won't have puppies."

" Why, daddy, isn't Span a nice doggie ?"

" Yes, he is, but he is a he-dog, and he-dogs don't have puppies."

" Why is he a he-dog, daddy ?"

" Now don't ask silly questions, a dog has to be either, a he, or a she."

" How do you know he is a he dog, daddy ?"

" Now run along, and tell Mummy to take you upstairs, undress you and put you to bed.'

" Why did you marry, daddy ?"

" Look here, Bobby, day by day you are getting naughtier and naughtier. Why don't you worry your ma about all these questions ?"

" Mummy says she doesn't know why she married a nincompoop like you."

" What ? she said *that* ?"

" Yeff, daddy. Why are you a nincompoop, daddy ?"

" Shut up, shut up, you are always talking rot."

" Where is Lunnon, daddy ?"

" Oh, London is a great way off from here."

" Are we ever going to Lunnon, daddy ?'

" Well, looking to the payments the Editor is making for these articles there does not seem to be much chance to go to Meerut, leave alone Lunnon."

" Who is thiff Mifter Editor, daddy ?"

" He's the bloke what gives you your bread and butter."

" Why doesn't he give us Jam, also, daddy ?"

"I dunno."

"Dovn't Mister Editor like jam-daddy?"

"Can't say he does, but I think he doesn't, otherwise he'd be sweet-tempered."

"Does Mifter Editor give uff our cofee as well?"

"Of course, the blooming—the—the—the—yes, he does."

"Who gives you wiffky, daddy?"

"Now will you shut-up, and run upstairs, and go to bed."

"Has he got a red nose?"

"Will you shut-up."

"Does Mifter Editor drink wiffky?"

"Don't ask silly questions."

"I'v Mifter Editor married?"

"I can't say, wish the bloke is."

"Does he know, daddy, why he got married?"

"Bobby, will you stop your useless chatter."

"Why are you bald on top, daddy?'

"You'll become bald when you grow up."

"Will Amy Thompson also became bald?"

"Bobby, you are a very wicked little man, why are you always thinking of Amy?"

"I don't know."

"Do you like her?"

"Yeff, I like her, daddy, she always gives me a kiff whenever I want, but Ethel is a naughty girl, daddy, she says she won't give me a kiff, unless I give her my pocket-money."

"Oh, she does? So thats what you do with your pocket-money."

"Do you give Miff. Mollison your pocket-money, daddy?"

There are things which a man can bear, and things he cannot bear. This was too much for me. Everyman, in his hearts of hearts, carries some dark secret, which he wouldn't part with, even if Gabriel himself asked him to disclose it. This cross examination was becoming too much for me, so I called out to Bobby' Nurse.

"Mary, Mary, Mary." But Mary seemed to have gone looking for her lost lamb, and she or her ghost was not to be seen. Whenever a man is in distress nobody seems to be about to come and render assistance.

The only thing to do was to lift Bobby bodily up, while he tried to wriggle free, take him upstairs, throw him on his bed, tell him to undress, and go to sleep, after damning him ten miles beyond hell, which I did, and came downstairs, feeling satisfied with my accomplished task. 'King's son is an unruly subject', a cynic remarks, and at times it is difficult to handle a situation which this little bundle of mischief creates.

I sat down on my sofa, and started reading again, a task which was disturbed by the coming of this little pal. I had finished another chapter, when the riots broke out again.

"Daddy," called out Bobby from the top-stairs. He was as naked as on the day he was born.

"What the devil is it now?"

"Can I come down, daddy?"

"No, you don't."

"But I can't find my pij-jama."

"Your Pij-jama is upstairs, not here. Wait, I'll come up and find it for you." I wonder readers, if any of you ever have to hunt naked boys' pij-jamas. I heaved a sigh, went upstairs, and looked about for it. I found it in the blanket, all rolled up, and hidden in the innermost fold. I dressed him up in his night attire, and came down, feeling satisfied that everything was all right so far.

I started reading my thriller, and had just reached a place where the villain had almost succeeded in bumping the hero off, when again there was some disturbance in the 'heavens.'

"Daddy?"

"What's the matter with you now?"

"Can I come down daddy?"

"No-decidedly not," I said sternly. "You go straight into bed and close your eyes."

"But I can't reach the lectric switch, I wanna put the light out."

"But you don't need to come down for that. You get back to bed I am coming up, to put the light out."

I once more dragged myself up, tucked him into bed, put the light out, and came down. I picked up the thriller and started again, determined to see the book through before anybody else moved me from my place. It was, however, not so destined, and I was soon to be disappointed. I had waded through two more chapters, and was progressing favourably, with the third victim of the villain, whom the latter was blackmailing and bleeding white, when 'his honour' again appeared on the top-stairs.

"Daddy?"

"What the hell is it, this time?

"I wanna come down."

"No, you don't, and if you don't get back straight to bed, I'll come and give you pum-pum on your zum-zum."

"OO-oo, daddy."

"None of your oo-too, get back to bed."

"But daddy, I havn't kiffed OO good-night."

"Havn't what?"

"Havn't kiffed OO good-night."

"So?"

"Can I come down, then?"

"All right, you may come down, but only for a minute."

"Can I climb into your lap, daddy?"

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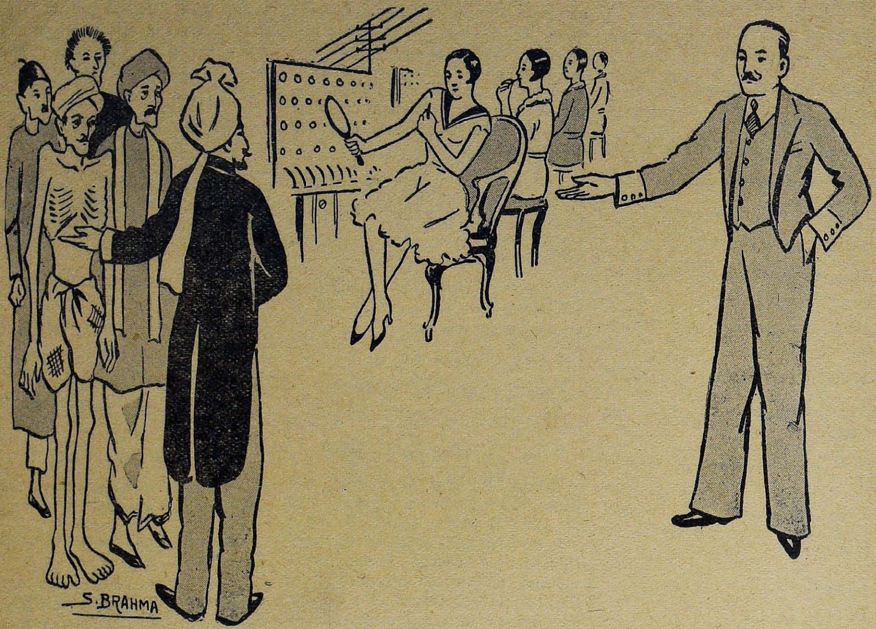
It is safest, easiest and surest BIRTH CONTROL. Formula has been evolved after years of research by well qualified doctors and quite successfully tried for years. Acts both chemically and mechanically and absolutely harmless to user. Full directions accompany each bottle, enough to last several months. Price Rs. 2-8, packing and postage free. Can be had from:—

HEALTH PHARMACY,
MEERUT, U. P.

"Why 51 Female Telephone Operators?" asks Mr. Singh M. L. A.

"Is there not terrible Unemployment among men already?"

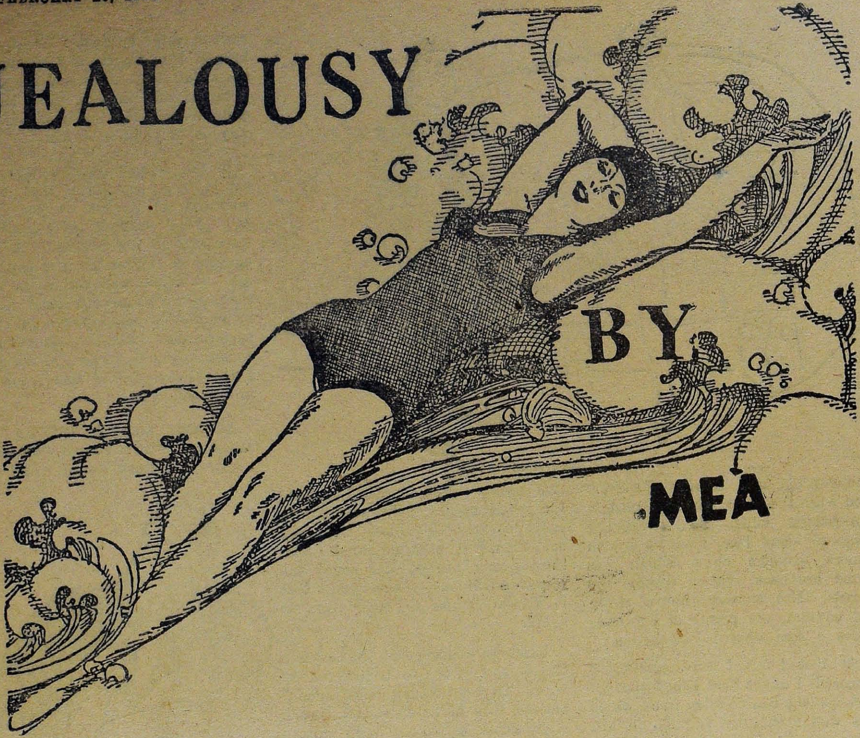
"To make the service lovely and Artistic," replies Noyce.



Mr. Sant Singh, M.L.A., "Look at the unemployment and starvation among the men. Why employ women in the Telephone-Exchanges when you can't find work for men and their families?"

Sir Frank Noyce, "True there Is unemployment. But look at those lady operators. Can you deny the charm they lend to the service, their sweet voices, their charming manners and their gentle dove—like manner? In these days of chivalry, how can we masculine—issue service when you can man it with lovely damsels?"

JEALOUSY



BY

MEA

WHEN I married Sybil she had only been in India a week or two and she had not yet adopted the usual mode of life of English women in the East.

I seemed to have a very jealous nature and it made me angry when I saw men casting interested glances at my young and very beautiful wife. As this happened constantly, it naturally followed that I was constantly in a state of suppressed anger. Suppressed because I was ashamed to let Sybil see how jealous I was, and also because I did not want to draw attention to the fact that men were taking quite a lot of interest in her. For similar reasons I refrained from telling her that her frocks were shorter than I liked, because when she sat in a low chair—and especially when she reclined carelessly—she revealed more of her than I considered it was good for other men to look upon. Also, in my opinion, her evening dresses were cut exceptionally and quite unnecessarily low. It made my blood boil when I saw the servants, when bending over her, as they waited on her at table, feasting their eyes on her luscious curves.

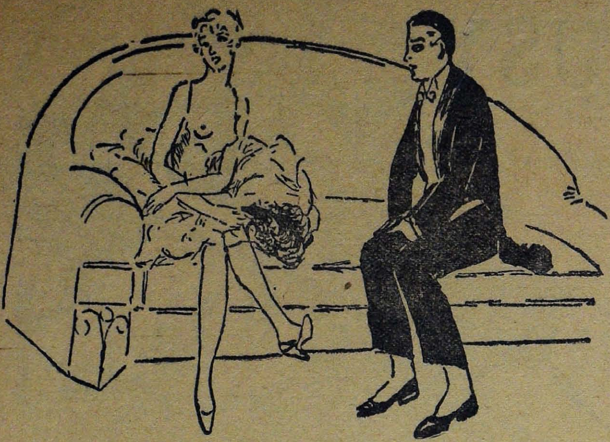
Sybil had a beautiful figure. Her waist tapered out to full, round hips. Her close-fitting frocks showed the roundness of her thighs, her short skirts gave one ample opportunities of admiring her perfect legs. The smooth white flesh of her arms spoke only too plainly of the beautiful flesh of those portions of her anatomy which were still concealed, though all too inadequately for my liking.

When the wind lifted her skirt and afforded a more generous view of her lower limbs, I was miserable, and I saw men deliberately trying to place themselves in positions from whence they could obtain a more favourable view of her partially concealed charms I felt like committing murder.

On the voyage out from England everything had seemed so different. Then it had seemed nice to see Sybil so scantily dressed. I was never tired of looking for some unexpected and perhaps new revelation, but we were not married then and if other men also enjoyed the delightful glimpses that I enjoyed myself, it did not seem to matter. But when once Sybil had become mine it seemed to me as if these sights should be for my eyes alone.

Very soon after we were married the Punjab Fusiliers gave a dance. This was to be Sybil's first experience of a dance in India. It was also destined to be the turning point in my attitude towards jealousy.

When the night of the dance arrived I saw my young wife for the first time in what she called her dance frock. By this time I was accustomed to see her in pretty sketchy garments, but this one fairly took my breath away. What there was of it consisted of black lace. A material that merely served to show up the whiteness of her skin. Below her waist it fitted so closely to her thighs that every



Cut......quite unnecessarily low

line was obvious. Above the waist it vied with the most daring of modern sun-bathing suits. Two triangular pieces of black lace, held up by an almost invisible chain which was round her neck, barely covered the breasts. Not another stitch of clothing covered any portion of her body above a somewhat low waistline

At first I felt I must protest, but I feared I might hurt her. I thought perhaps she had no other frock which she would consider suitable for the occasion. While I was still considering what would be the best course to take, one of her women friends arrived and exclaimed: "What a dream of a frock!" After that I knew it would be useless to try and do anything about it and I prepared myself for a really miserable evening.

In due course we arrived at the dance and as soon as Sybil emerged from the ladies' cloak room she was surrounded by as many men as could get near her, all clamouring for the pleasure of a dance with her.

When I saw the amount of bare flesh that was exposed before all these men I felt the blood mounting to my cheeks as if I were a country maiden. When it was my own turn to enjoy, the only dance Sybil could spare me I became unpleasantly conscious of the disturbing effect all this uncovered flesh must have on her other partners. As I held her in my arms while we progressed, slowly round the crowded ballroom I tried not to notice the bareness of her bosom. As her supple young body was pressed close to mine I realized that every outline of that superb body could be felt. I noticed how men kept their eyes fixed on her and how their gaze followed her round the room. I suffered all the agonies that it is possible for a jealous man to suffer.

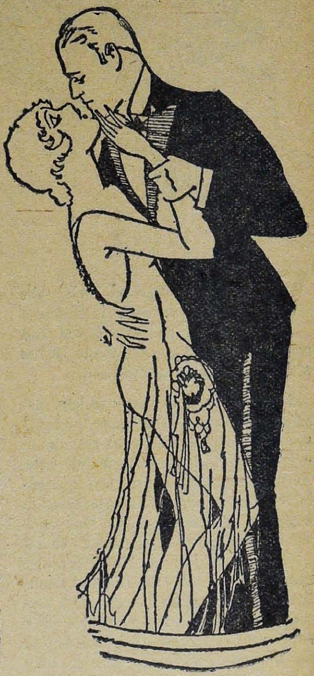
I had no partners for the next two dances so I was free to observe my wife. To my intence annoyance I noticed that her next partner was a man whose reputation with women was notorious. Nor did it make me any happier when I saw that before the dance came to an end they disappeared into one of the most secluded sitting-out' places.

I hid behind some palms from where I could watch the entrance to this particular place without myself being seen. I remained thus during the whole of the interval which followed the dance, during the whole of the next dance and the interval which followed it. I had worked myself to a terrible state. I contemplated bursting into the 'sitting-out' place. I had thoughts of hitting the man in the face when they appeared. All sorts of mad ideas came into my mind with flashes of sanity.

Eventually they emerged and Sybil looked down at her frock. She drew up the points over the breasts and smoothed the creases out of her crumpled frock. Actions which did nothing to allay my suspicions. To make matters worse, Sybil looked up at her partner and laughed. He took a hurried look round and, seeing no one about, bent down and kissed her upturned and inviting lips. It was quite obvious that she met him half way in this intimate kiss.

In my own affairs with women I had always considered that if the wife did not consider it was necessary to be 'faithful' to husband, it was none of my business. At this moment a similar thought came to me. If Sybil was willing to meet the man's advances one could hardly blame him for making the most of his opportunities. I knew I should have done the same had I been in his place. I had always argued that all is fair in love and war.

As luck would have it my next dance was with a woman with whom I was on intimate terms. She sug-



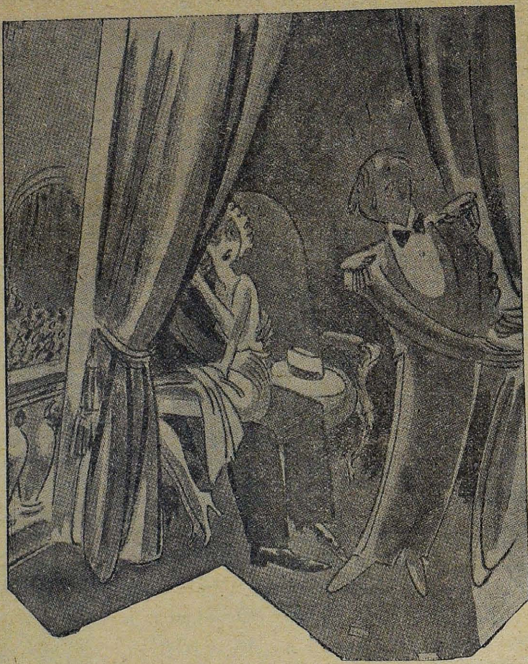
bent down and kissed her

gested that we should sit out the dance. Being a clever woman and a woman of the world she had at once grasped the situation and proceeded to give me some worldly advice, the gist of which was: bow to the inevitable

and turn it to my own advantage. She told me that instead of being jealous I should take a pride in my wife. I should be proud of her beauty and physical attractions, proud that other men found her so desirable. Would I like it if she were so unattractive that no man wanted to look at her? The very fact that men desired her was a compliment to her beauty and to my taste. If I had married a woman who never had affairs with other men it would have been difficult for me to enjoy myself with other women.

Before this woman had finished she had convinced me by her worldly common sense that, instead of being miserable. I should consider myself very fortunate, and when I returned to the ballroom I did so in a very different frame of mind to that in which I had left it so short a time before. Now I was able to regard Sybil's feminine charms in a very different light. No longer was I miserable because they were so obvious. My jealousy had been turned to pride and I had no feelings of annoyance when, as we drove home, Sybil told me she had had a lovely time, and when later she gave me a thrilling kiss I felt a distinct pride in her skill in the art of love.

Thus were the lives of two people saved from the evil machinations of that terrible demon Jealousy.



(Man in Box-seat to Cinema attendant.)

" Don't trouble to remove the screen my man. We haven't came to see the picture! "

Plays and Players on Stage and Screen

Nina Mc Kinney the cloured Star.

Hollywood's Grim Toll.

Wealth and pleasure! Luxury and Happiness! These are the things that we associate with Hollywood. But often in Hollywood death seems to go out of his way to lay his hands on impossible victims.

Warner Baxter

Look at this list.—

Renee Adoree, Robert Ames, Roscoe Arbuckle, George Beban, Paul Bern, Lon Chaney, Lew Cody, Russ Colombo, Dorothy Dell, Texas Guinan, Alma Rubens, Lowell Sherman, Eric Von Stroheim, Milton Sills, Marie Dressler etc.

Renee Adoree was a buxom lass, yet it took Hollywood only seven years to kill her. Fatty Arbuckle died of a broken heart the result of wicked injustice. He was accused of murder and though proved innocent, Hollywood barred its gates. Paul Bern married Jean Harlow and committed suicide! Lon Chaney and Milton Sills two of the screens most powerful men died when they

Mae West

were barely forty. Alma Rubens died of drug addiction. These ghastly tragedies some times makes one wonder if Hollywood is a death trap!

Eddie Cantor's Latest.

Eddie has finished making "Kid Millions" and is now on holiday in Europe. With him are Ida Cantor, his wife and the five cantorettes namely Marjorie, Natalie Edna, Marilin and Janet.

Laurel and Hardy.

Tit far Tat is Laurel—Hardy's next production. They both appear as proprietors of an electrical shop and get into more hot water than ever before. Another of their hits " Babes in Toyland " will shortly be shown at the Roxy!

Harold Lloyd.

Fay Wray.

Born on 16th Sept. 1907, at Alberta, Canada. As early as when she was only seven years

old, she began to act for the films, She acted in many Cow-boy films i.e: "The Street of Sin", "Thunder-bolt", and 'Texas' etc. When the talkie was perfected she played the

A caricature study of Jack Hulbert.

leading role in the "Singod" "Dirigible" "Unholy Garden" "The Most Dangerous Game" and "King Kong." She is 5,6" high and weighs 115 lbs. She has light brown hair and dark blue eyes. Sbe married John Monk in 1928.

"No Tanks!"

Garbo is the most unapproachable of all film stars. Not even for the fantastic sums offered will she appear in public. Last year she rejected offers which would have netted her over £50,000. Here they are.—

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To say one word "Hello" on the Radio £2000.

John Barrymore.

Series of 10 broadcasts £30,000

Clive Brook.

To appear on New York stage for one week: £10,000.

To endorse a certain cigarette: £5,000!

FILMS TO SEE

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Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette Macdonald Star in this film. Full of tuneful melodies sung as only Maurice Chevalier can. A film which you must see.

At the Roxy.

THE KINGS VACATION

With George Arliss, Dick Powell and Patricia Elles. Roxy always stands foremost in delivering first class entertainment to the public. Film fans will be delighted with this story in which the greatest of all actors, George Arliss appears.

Wellington.

THE GREAT FLIRTATAION

With Elissa Landi and Adolphe Menjou. It is a long time since I have seen Adolphe Menjou and I look forward to this film with expectation.

At the Elphinstone.

JEW SUSS

With Conrad Veidt and Benita Hume. Brilliant acting by Veidt. I can honestly recommed this picture to readers.

T. L. ED.

"BRAIN SPARKLERS"

She was only a photographer's daughter,
But oh how she was developed.

* * *

THERE WAS A REASON.

Once upon a time there was a virgin
But
Not from choice
Maybe she
Didn't
Have
IT!

* * *

A FLAPPER
COULD IF SHE WOULD.
AN OLD MAID
WOULD IF SHE COULD.

* * *

Love is an entrance to Heaven or Hell whichever you choose to make it.

* * *

He called her
Jekyll
Because she
Didn't
Hyde
Much!

* * *

NO WONDER THEY CALLED HER THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE, SOMEONE WAS ALWAYS RINGING HER UP!

* * *

She'l always be
A hit with me
Pretty Clara Spark;
She always chirps
"Turn out the light,
It's so cool in the dark."

* * *

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TRUST THESE 'MODEL' HUSBANDS. SOMETIMES IT'S ONLY A POSE.

* * *

They were a couple of cute little book-keepers all right, but they lost their jobs because somehow they got careless with their *figures*!

* * *

When a man wears loud clothes a girl turns a deaf ear to his suit.

* * *

Every time the tax assessor sends in his forms, a man is glad he doesn't own the earth.

* * *

AND DON'T IMAGINE THAT WITHERING LOOKS WILL MAKE A TALKATIVE WOMAN DRY UP.

* * *

MORAL AXIOM.

There's No excuse
For being loose!

* * *

We understand that Velu's girl didn't believe that he was a newspaper man, so he took her out one night and convinced her that he was a gentleman of the PRESS.

* * *

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the mother when she rescued her daughter from the violin factory!

* * *

The fellow who gives in when he is wrong is a wise man, but he who gives in when he is right is married.

* * *

Our heart goes out to the man who joined the navy to see the world and then spent four years in a submarine!

* * *

Take care of the pies and the Government will take care of the rupees.

* * *

Hollywood News!

"I've got a new daddy,"
The film star's kid said:
But back came the answer quite fast.
"Your daddy's not new,"
Said the darling child's friend,
"For he was my daddy, last."

* * *

Some men swear to love;
Others love to swear.

* * *

Women believe that a secret keeps better when divided.

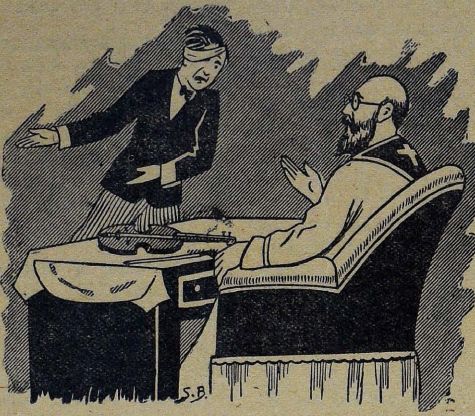
* * *

The man who says he was cut out to be single, never tells who cut him out.

* * *

'BEATING THE WIFE'

BY RUBIKON



"YOU may talk of freedom and pleasure," said the Old Pensioner one day, "but believe me," he said, there is absolutely no more freedom or pleasure worth talking about than there is the gryphon or the Unicorn or the Philosopher's stone or your sincerity to the girl you profess to love."

That was a bit sweeping if it did not actually provoke people who still beliveve in the tortoise that supports our planet and in the mermaids who lure lusty sailors to their doom.

"Then what are fellows here for? Are we all a gang of slaves whether in Old England or New England?" we asked.

"Well, every fellow is a mere bundle of duties—he can no more escape his round of duties than you can jump off the Earth through a balloon or projectile of Jules Verne's make. Just listen and you argue out for yourself :—

Take that chap there—John Theodore Devaprasad : as nice a fellow as you can come across. Out of school the next thing is he has to do something to help him into the comforts of the nearest "Military Hotel" and "Tea Club" and then on to the movies.

Started 'prentice under a tailor ; no, people did not care for John T. Devaprasad's sartorial skill—set up a "Tea Club" with some of his friends—no, that did not do well as he and his friends proved too many patrons for his tiny business—then tried in a quite number of places—till at last a splendid idea

There was Rev. Thomas Honeydew of the U. S. A. Mission—a huge giant among the men of the Gospel and a man of the Gospel among the huge Industrial giants of the New world—was scattering silver and gold with both hands—he was in terrible earnest about his great mission in East—he was rumoured to have come to India fully determined to carry out mighty changes in the classification of the People under the head of Faiths before the next census came round.

John T. Devaprasad approached Rev. Thomas Honeydew—struck a decent bargain—found the vocation of his life—when also he dropped his old name of Guruswami to the one by which we and the world now know him—and along with his Rev. employer swore that the one thing that India now needed was the Gospel, the most rigorous broadcasting of the Gospel and nothing but that.

Rev. Honeydew found John T. Devaprasad even more enthusiastic than himself—there was nothing that Rev. Honeydew could do for John that was left undone.

Diana Aparanji, the daughter of Rev. Mathew Gunamani Aparanji of the British mission was sought for for Devaprasad : and seeing the young man connected with the best paid mission in the East, Rev Mathew Gunamani Aparanji found in this offer for his daughter only yet another hand of the Almighty under whose gracious shepherding, we shall not want, but will always find ourselves mid green pastures.

Mary Diana Aparauji was even a greater goad to John T. Devaprasad than Rev. Honeydew or the constant increments he gave to the zealous labourer of the Cross.

Once out in the streets with his violin to scatter the seeds after the manner of the Sower who went out to sow, the live long day at street corners, mid rain or sun, he stood and sang and spoke, no matter whether the seeds he scattered found their proper places or not.

Even Rev. Honeydew had to mildly admonish the excessive zeal of Devaprasad. Such was his zeal as he went about spreading the happy Tidings. But the moment he got back home, the violin went up to its place of rest and he no more bothered himself about his gospel duty than the octopus of the Pacific about the hippo of Tanganyika.

For, whatever Devapresd was to the world outside and to Rev. Honeydew, to Mary Diana Aparanji, he was somewhat too much a man of the world. So powerful were the arguments of Mary that John found that he could not get through the duties at home unless he sortified himself adequately with ftrong liquors. And, as almost the

violence of domestic debates increased, John found himself forced to strengthen himself almost every evening to meet the onrush of his argumentative spouse.

For, as that great poet sang in that never-to-be-forgotten and reliable Record of the Adventures of Miss Alice :—

" When I was young, said the father,
I took to the study of law,
And I argued the cases with my wife,
Till all the muscles grew strong in my jaw
Which lasts me all my life."

But then, nobody's fault it was that it had to be done like that. That was only what John had to do as duty at home. And his wife Mary Diana did it as she found it.

And so he did it.

And so she did it too.

But it was one day that Rev. Honeyman took for his subject, "On Beating Wives." Not that he was less bent on holy subjects: but he thought an occasional digression into social subjects was not quite hostile to the campaign he was carrying against the citadel of sin in this world.

Explanation was going round that the subject was suggested out of a domestic breeze between Rev. Honeyman and his wife. Which was that Mrs. Honeyman having attacked her Rev. husband, he was almost morally provoked—if not in self-defence—to retaliate against his wife.

But he desisted.

Yet he thought he would give his holy advice on ' Beating Wives.'

No wonder John too caught a spark of the fire and came home full of the subject.

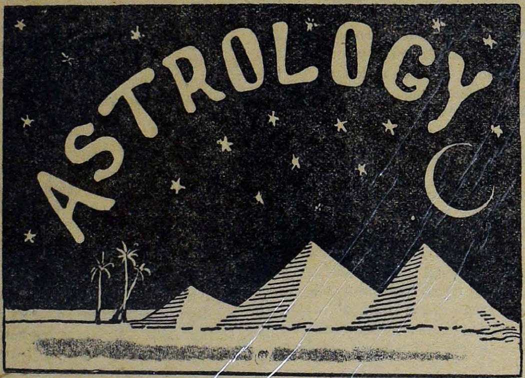
"Aparanji, Aparanji," called out John as he went home one day.

"Oh, so you have come fortified again to have an argument with me, have you? Aren't ashamed? You to preach the word of God?" shouted Mary Diana.

" No, no, Aparanji, we had jus such a fine lecture by our Rev. Honeyman. It was about beating wives," said John.

"I see, that is splendid," said the woman Without a word, she ran in got a ladle and argued the matter against the head of John, saying, "I shall teach you to learn about beating the wife."

When John came to himself he got his wounds dressed and placed his resignation, violin and religious books and sacred tracts, all in the hands of Rev Honeyman, and disappeared from the scene of his religeous labours like a forgotten star.



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THE MYSTERY of the MISSING ZEMINDAR

— By 'CYMRO.' —

(Carver) "*Dash it! I've gone and carved it while the wood must have been still green!*"

THE scene to which I now introduce the reader was one of the most fertile and picturesque throughout the entire district of Tanjore. Countless palmyra trees swaying rhythmatically to the gentle breeze, and stretches upon stretches of verdure paddy fields, met the eye on all directions. And upon such a lovely spot lay a small village. It consisted for the most part of farmer's and palmyra-climber's huts.

At a stone's-throw from the village, to which it suits me to give the name of *Velur*, stood a big palatial mansion, the residence of Zemindar Narayanaswamy. On all sides of this building rose majestic trees, so much so, that the luxuriant foliage almost hid it from view. Though built many years ago, it had not as yet yielded to the ravages of time. The moss-covered walls, and the massive structure so peculiar to the ancient Indians, were still firm, and seemed to cry defiance to age. It was early one delightful morning in the year 1920. The sweet

smell of palmyra-juice, and the smell of the wild flowers pervaded the whole village. Myriads of sparrows and other birds twittered merrily. Crows cawed and the village cocks vied with one another in announcing the break of dawn.

On such a fine day an extraordinary incident, which by the way has passed into criminal history, took place in the peaceful little village of *Vélur*.

On the 27th of November 1920, Zemindar Narayanaswamy disappeared as completely as if the very earth had swallowed him. This amazing disappearánce provided so many tangles for the local Police to solve, that they were completely baffled and called in the help of Inspector Loganathan who had retired six months previously. Even though the retired veteran worked like a nigger on this case for weeks and weeks, it still remained shrouded in the deepest mystery.

All the strange paths into which it led this super-sleuth, threw no light upon the matter, but only served to shatter every theory he had formed like so many soap-bubbles.

Zemindar Narayanaswami was a very rich man, for he derived his income from seventeen villages most of them much bigger than Velur. He also enjoyed excellent health, for he had been an abstainer and a man of regular habits. He was moreover passionately attached to his wife—a ravishing young girl with a sylph-like figure and piercing eyes, tall with raven-black luxuriant tresses which fell down to her knees. She was only seventeen and thirty-one years younger than her husband. They had been married about two years when the story opens. Her father had been a sort of private secretary to the Zemindar. But he was a waster and at his death it was found that he had run hopelessly into debt. Thus the girl Vasant was left without a rupee, and shortly after her father's death, Zemindar Narayanaswami offered his hand and was accepted.

They thenceforth lived in the palatial building at Velur, surrounded by every comfort.

For some weeks Kuppuswamy, the Zemindar's cousin had been living with them. He was handsome, tall, well read, widely travelled, and had the reputation of having led rather a fast life. He was about twenty-eight, and dead-broke, for he had gone the pace as if it were, while he was undergoing higher study in England. News of his wild life and degenerate friends, reached the Zemindar, who promptly wired to him to start home. Kuppuswamy was only too glad, for he had absolutely nothing with him, for his raffish friends had wiped him clean. The Zemindar went to Madras to meet him on his arrival, and took him home, and treated him very kindly, forgiving his shady

... a washer—woman

past and indolent present. Kuppuswamy very soon settled down to this new life, and devoted all his spare time to modelling and sculpture.

COMING now to the story proper, on the morning of 27th November, Mrs. Narayanaswami had gone alone to the marriage of a neighbouring village—Headman. Attending functions of this sort was very distasteful to the Zemindar. So he never accompanied his wife on such occasions, but he always took care to send her, for he knew the village folk would take it as an honour.

So Mrs Narayanaswmy had gone alone, and the Zemindar after sending his coach-man to drive her to the desti nation, promised to come with the coach himself, to bring her back home at about nine O'clock. He didn't turn up. Ten—Half-past-ten—Eleven—Twelve—supper and *Kutcheri* were all over—still no Zemindar.

At first his young wife who was having a good time with the local women, didn't notice he had not turned up in time. But presently it was borne on her that he was extremely late, and she began to wonder But assurance returned with a perfectly logical explanation. Perhaps he was deeply engrossed in a book, or perhaps he preferred the quiet solitude of his study to the racket of a marriage crowd, and had decided to come at the last minute, when the crowd had dispersed and drive her home.

Two O'clock passed and still he had not arrived. The guests began to go home. Mrs. Narayanaswamy began to get really alarmed. Why had he not come? She expressed her anxiety to her hosts, and they gave her all the comfort usual in such cases, finding her many good logical reasons for his non-appearance and bidding her not to worry. But when it was three and still he did not come, she decided to go home immediately, and three men of the party accompanied her, and to tell the truth though they didn't say so, shared thoroughly her misgivings. Half-an-hour later, they all arrived at the house and found absolutely no trace of the Zemindar.

Kuppuswamy had gone to Tanjore town and had not returned as yet, as was evidenced by his absence and the unslept bed in his room. Mrs. Narayanaswamy waited in her husband's room, a prey to all sorts of fears, while the men were conducting a thorough search in the house and the garden.

At about 3 O'clock in the morning a rumbling of wheels was heard and a jutka stopped in front of the gate. It was Kuppuswamy—and he was surprised when he heard the news. He told them that he had left the house as soon as the Zemindar had begun dressing, to start to the marriage-house and had not seen him after 7 P. M. for he had left him, and gone to Tanjore Town and had spent almost the entire night at a friend's house. That was the last hope of any elucidation of the mystery from Kuppuswamy.

On his suggestson they sent scouts to all the neighbouring villages to ascertain if any-one had seen him, for there was just a chance that he had spent the night at some friend's house. But all their efforts were in vain.

Mrs Narayanaswamy was by this time in a terrible state and a man was sent to the Town to report the matter to the police. The police-Inspector with a posse of constables came three hours later, and conducted a thorough questioning of all the servants. But they were not able to help, for none of them had seen their master after 7 P. M.

At length after three days of fruitless search, the police Inspector decided to call in the aid of Inspector Loganathan, who was then residing at Tanjore having retired from service. Naturally when called to help he felt very bucked up and set about the mystery in right earnest. He visited the mansion at Velur, but his search was fruitless. He questioned everybody. But he did not get a clue of the slightest value. To every question he put to Mrs. Narayanaswamy—a pathetic figure with her pale cheeks and eyes brimming with tears—she had

had also seen the Zemindar ...

but one despairing reply. "Oh GOD, I DON'T KNOW. I beseech you to find him."

Kuppuswamy, the cousin was terribly upset about the whole business. He seemed completely knocked out—but pulled himself together and took the ex-Inspector Loganathan, all round the mansion in search of possible clues to the mystery.

"You didn't know him," he asserted to the detective with conviction. "His only interest in life was to help his kith and kin; and his only love in life—his wife. He treated me with the utmost affection and indulgence. He saved me from the consequences of my youthful follies, and it is entirely due to him that I have my present position in the world." He stopped completely overcome by emotion.

Strict enquiries into the Zemindars' private life showed that he had no secret side-life. Further he found that he was a man of regular habits and that he visited only a few friends on Saturdays and Sundays. Further he had no enemies, nor was he in the habit of carrying money or valuables on his person, which perhaps might have tempted anyone.

An examination of the dressing-room revealed to an experienced slueth like Loganathan, that he had dressed himself carefully, with the purpose of joining his wife at the marriage-party. Thus the detective was up against a brick wall. The super-man who had found the key to several mysteries which had seemed quite insoluble was now completely baffled.

As time went on, the news of the Zamindar's disapperance grew louder and louder, and all Southern India was agog. Some of the papers as is usual in such cases began to criticise the inability of the police, and even began to taunt Inspector Loganathan. The latter was of opinion that the Zemindar had been murdered. But even here he was up against a granite wall. Where was the motive for the murder? Who was the murderer? These and many other doubts had to be cleared. Day and Night he racked his brains and thoroughly went over every inch of the ground for miles without success. Thus a complete week had passed without any progress.

One day while he was reading his morning mail a villager demanded an audience and Inspector Loganathan at once granted it.

"What is it, my man?" he inquired. "I saw the Zemindar early this morning near the MANGO-TOPE, YEJMAN," he gasped.

"What!" exclaimed the Inspector. "Yes, Yejman. As sure as I am standing here, I saw him with my own naked eyes." Fully convinced that the labourer was not tipsy, the Inspector bade him sit down.

"Well," he began. "Do you know the Zemindar?"

"As well as I do my own child."

"Where did you see him?"

"Near Vanniaperumal Pillay's mango-tope. He looked very pale but smiled when he saw me.

"Where were you standing?"

"I was just returning from the fields with my oxen, and I was about twenty or thirty yards away. But as soon as he saw me, he disappeared into the mango-tope and when I came there, he had completely disappeared."

"How was he dressed?"

"As usual Yejman, with silk VESHTIE and ANGHAVASTRAM" replied the labourer.

Immediately the Inspector drove off in a jutka to the TOPE. He went over the whole plot inch by inch. But he couldn't find a single clue or even a foot-print. The news meanwhile had spread like wild-fire and the villagers turned up to the spot in hundreds. In vain did he question countless villagers. No one else had seen the Zemindar. One bright labourer suggested that, it was probably the Zemindar's Ghost which the man had seen. This so annoyed the informer that soon a merry little scrap was going on, much to the delight of the assembled folk.

Tired and annoyed the Inspector came home. On asking the reason for the untimely visit, he was surprised to hear that a Washer-woman had also seen the Zemindar. On being questioned, the woman stoutly maintained that she distinctly saw the Zemindar near the river, but that he seemed to be in an awful hurry and had disapperred before he could be accosted.

Hitherto an ardent non-believer of all things supernatural, the Inspector began to entertain some slight misgivings. "How else," he argued, "could such a thing be possible? Here were two evidently sane people willing to swear by all things they held sacred, that they had seen the Zemindar. Perhaps ghosts really existed. Or perhaps the Zemindar had something of a skeleton in his cup-board, and was in hiding. But, if so where was he hiding?"

These and numerous other thoughts, crowded into his mind By this time the news had leaked out to the papers and they put forth various explanations. One hinted at an unknown fair creature whom the Zemindar had found. Another suggested that he was a rake and had deserted the lovely wife in the most cowardly and outrageous fashion. But this theory was blasted by the wife, who indignantly rejected the imputation.

Another paper gave it out as a simple case of insanity. The Zemindar, it said, had lost his reason, and had made off in a fit of madness. This was the only reasonable suppositon A man thus afflicted, ceases to be himself, and walks about imagining he is someone else.

But if so, how was he living and where? The fact that he wasn't in hiding was apparent, for he had showed himself to the people who knew him very well, and he had even smiled at one of them!

Thus here was an extraordinary case. A case in which there was no victim! Nevertheless the case absorbed the Inspector more than ever and he determined to work it out at any cost and find the key. Hitherto he had worked openly and though more than ten days had elapsed, the mystery was still unsolved. So now he decided to work in secret. He pretended as if he had failed and had dropped it. Thus one morning he departed ostentatiously from Velur.

Meanwhile Kuppuswamy had also left the mansion and was now living in Tanjore. Loganathan kept a ceaseless watch both on the house at Velur, with the help of an assistant and also on every movement of Kuppuswamy, who had now again resorted to his old riotous way of living.

It was on the morning of October 23rd that finally the detective found

the ZEMINDAR dead and yet alive. Determined to solve the mystery at any cost he had decided to conduct a thorough search of Kuppuswamy's rooms in Tanjore, when he was out on the spree.

At nine in the morning Loganathan entered the apartment opening the lock easily with a skeleton key. Feverishly he searched the room, Finding absolutely nothing that would help him, he was about to abandon the search in despair, when his eyes fell on a wooden-box. Opening it he found it full of clay busts and wax-masks. Suddenly he gave an exclamation of surprise as he saw a wax mask. Wrapping it up safely he left the apartment and went straight to the police station, and had a whispered conversation with the Circle Inspector.

"Nevertheless it's true and I shall prove it," said Loganathan and with three Constables the party again went to Kuppuswamy's apartments. There Loganathan donned the mask on his face, and sat in front of the table, looking away from the door. The Circle Inspector and the constables hid themselves in an adjoining room.

After what seemed an age, Kuppuswami opened the door of his room, but immediately stepped back and seeing some-one in his room.

"What the dickens————" he began. Slowly the figure turned its face towards Kuppuswamy. Directly his eyes saw the face of the man in the chair, an extraordinary change came over him. His eyes stared with horror. Then he sprang to his feet.

"Have mercy, Oh! Have mercy on me Narayanan," he pleaded. "Don't torment me." Immediately Loganathan tore off the mask from his face and asked him, ' What have you done with the body?"

Seeing that it was all up, Kuppuswamy spilled out all the details.

"Yes I killed him and buried him under the Margosa tree behind Subbiah Pillai's yard. That night when Mrs. Narayanaswamy had gone to the Wedding, I came home from Tanjore to get a little money from him. I saw him in the room, dressing. When he saw me, he told me that he was aware of my intimacy with his wife, and so had decided to send me away. Somehow when I heard those words I lost all reason and fell upon him in fury. My fingers reached for his throat and——.—.—and————I strangled him. Immediately panic seized me and I did not know what to do. My first instinct was to run away. Then I decided to take a mask-copy of his features. This art I learned from a famous Scientist in Vienna. Then I buried him. When you came and began an inquiry, I knew that the game would be up unless I acted. So in order to convince the official minds that the Zemindar was still alive, I donned the mask and allowed myself to be seen by two people."

Thus ended one of the most baffling cases which the Indian police had ever been confronted with.

Though Kuppuswamy had with diabolical cunning squashed growing suspicions with his mask, he was betrayed by chance.

Two months later after a sensational hearing he was hung, though his counsel tried his best to save him by bringing it as a passion-crime. There was no case against Mrs. Narayanaswami for she could not appear owing to a serious fever of which she died three days after her paramour's death. The public were never able to decide whether she was Kuppuswami's accomplice in the murder or only his lover!

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Congratulations.

He had been out of work for years, but one day he got a job as a bus conductor. On the morning of his first day's duty, the bus had gone a few miles when an inspector boarded it.

The latter was surprised to find the vehicle empty, and the conductor explained that he hadn't stopped it once since leaving the depot.

"Has nobody tried to stop your bus?" the inspector asked,

"No, sir."

"Nobody put up their hand to you?"

"Oh, yes returned the other," there's been a lot of folk waving to me, but I thought they were letting me know how glad they were I'd got a job."

—*Smith's Weekly.*

* *

A small boy was rushing madly down the street when he ran into a stranger.

"Hey! What's the matter with you!" bawls the stranger. "Think there is a fire?"

"No," the boy panted apologetically, "I'm running home to stop a fight."

"Who is fighting?" asked the stranger.

"Ma and Pa," was the terse reply.

"Say," queried the stranger reflectively, "who is your father anyway?"

"Humph!" snapped the boy over his shoulder as he scurired down the street, "that's what they're fightin' over."

—*N. Y. U. Medley.*

* *

One side of the famours Devil's Glen was open to the public: the other side was kept strictly private by the landlord.

An American visitor, ignoring notice boards, was walking up the private side of the glen, when he was met by a choleric old man, who shouted: "What do you mean, sir, by trespassing on my property?"

"Great Scott!" replied the American "I know this was the Devil's Glen, but I didn't expect to meet the proprietor!"

—TIT BITS.

* *

Smith: There are two sides to every question.

Brown: Yes, and there are two sides to a sheet of fly paper, but it makes a big difference to the fly which side he chooses.

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

* *

"Who gave you that black eye?"

"A bridegroom—for kissing the bride after the ceremony."

"But surely he didn't object to that ancient custom?'

"No—but it was two years after the ceremony."

—*Missouri Showman.*

* *

Three ways to end a Conversation at Dinner.

1. Ask the lady on your right if she's married. Should she say "Yes," ask her if she has any children. If she says "No" ask her how she does it

2. Ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says "No," ask her if she has any children.

3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says "Yes," ask her if she's married.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

* *

Short but sweet.

"Get the dope on this accident," said the editor of the college paper to the cub reporter. "And when you write the story, remember that brevity is the soul of the newspaper. Never use two words where one will do. Now get going." A few hours later the reporter handed in his copy. "Professor Stapleton struck a match to see if there was any gasoline in his tank," the story read. "Age 55."

—*Reserve Red Cat.*

* *

Reassured.

A professor in the University noted for his power of concentration and for his absorption in the matter at hand, came home one night, still concentrated on the thought of the evening He had scarcely pulled the bedcovers over himself when he heard a slight noise.

"Is some one there?" he asked.

"No, professor," replied the intruder under the bed. "There is no one here."

The professor gave a sigh of relief, and turned over to sleep.

"I was almost certain I had heard someone," he remarked to himself.

—*Missouri Showman.*

* *

The old tightwad was suffering on the operator's table, both from pain and fear at the sum the doctor would extract from him. Finally he could not restrain himself any longer, and he blurted out from semi-consciousness:

"Doctor, how much will this operation cost me?"

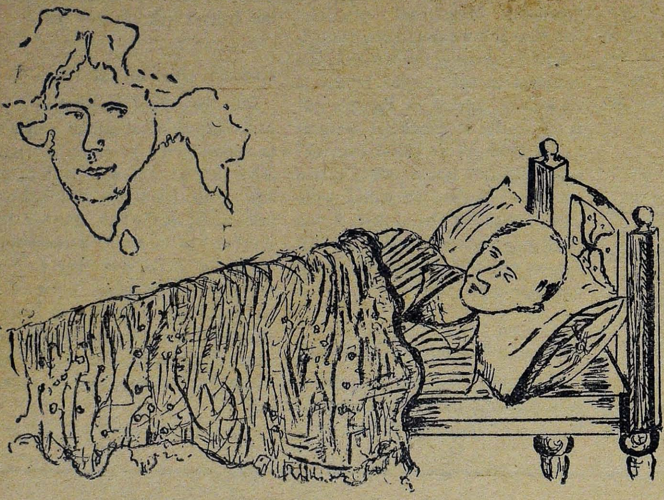
"One hundred dollars," the physician answered.

"But, doctor, I want just plain sewing, no hemstitching."

—*N. Y. U. Medley.*

HALLUCINATIONS OF SIR SAMUEL HOARE.

BY "RUBY."



the people for whom they were busy constitution-making, and behind the Viceroy and all the Governors of the day! Well might Sir Samuel seek to screen himself behind the authority of Tut-en-Kahman or behind the huge lions of the Trafalgar Square!

* *

An Excellent Reason

A most consoling excuse in support of the Joint Committee's Report is his "overwhelming reason in favour of this course." He says, "No one either here or in India has produced any workable alternative." Therefore claims Sir Hoare, this one ought to be and is accepted.

* *

Betwixt Churchill & Lansbury

Poor Hoare! The old saying was: between the deep sea and the unmentionable One, or between Scylla and Charybdis; To-day, for our Secretary of State, it is between Churchill and Lansbury. To steer clear of the two, is the problem that Sir Samuel had to solve when he gave his Talk on India through the British Broadcasting.

* *

Same Warning by Both:

Churchill cries out, "Take care Hoare, at the mad rate you are going and pampering those talkative idealists and treacherous beggars, I am absolutely certain that England will lose India within five years. Take care." Lansbury says, "Take care, Hoare, caution too has its limits. Remember how we lost our colonies in America. Don't be guided too much by spit-fires and blood-and iron politicians. We have enough burdens on our heads by the blunderings of Imperialist bluffers, Take care."

* *

Hoare screens himself behind Power & Age.

No wonder that Sir Samuel takes shelter under the authority of old, effete and retired Viceroys, and behind Survivors of the "unwanted" Simon Commission, and behind "experienced Indians of the Round Table Conferences" not one of whom was chosen by

What about Outburst in India?

Every section in India, even the most loyal or sycophant, is dissatisfied with the J. P. C. Report Why then force such a Report against the will of a nation-wide dissatisfaction? Again does Sir Hoare delude himself with the consolation that the "chorus of disapproval" was bound to be. Like a philosopher who is unmoved by ordinary human considerations, Hoare says, "No wonder that Indians are dissatisfied. It would be a wonder if they are not. For, who can be satisfied with safe-guards and reservations?' So that Sir Hoare is thoroughly satisfied that "safeguards" must cause dissatisfaction, that, therfore, all India is dissatisfied. And, therefore, such dissatisfaction being the most natural

thing, Sir Hoare is in no manner perturbed, but feels that he must push on with new Constitution in Parliament and finally push it down through the throats of India, like bitter medicine against the franchise of ailing youngsters. Can such stern love of an ailing people be excelled?

• •

Must Push On

Don't mind opposition, says Hoare. we must give reforms to India. For, advance in the Provinces and in the Centre must go hand in hand. It is long overdue. Splendid! Nay we must do more.

• •

Give Law and Order

" Without the transfer of Law and Order, provincial autonomy is a sham and delusion," affirms Sir Hoare. So the Provinces must have it. If that is not given there are bound to be serious consequences.

• •

The Danger

"If you obstruct," says Hoare, " You will certainly alienate once and for all every section of Indian Political thought, and you would inaugurate a new period of non-co-operation and boycotts, which would lead inevitably away from our traditional position of government by consent into a system of government by force."

• •

Is J. P. C. Report approved?

If denying Law and Order in the Provincial Government dangerous, how then is it it safe to force the unwanted portions of the Central Government on the people? Where is the logic of bowing to People's will in the matter of Provincial Governments, which are no better than enlarged District Boards, while at the same time, flouting the united voice of the nation in the matter of the Central Government? How do the dangers which Sir Samuel apprehends disappear in the latter case?

* *

Where is "Dominion Status"?

Yet, if Sir Samuel is going to respect the feelings of all India, why has the phrase " Dominion Status " made a *bete noire* of? That is the goal, admits Hoare, but there is nothing in words. If there is nothing, why shirk and fight shy of it?

• •

Who is deceived?

By such howling with the hounds and fleeing with the foes, whom does Sir Samuel deceive? Is it The Churchillians? Or, the Attlees? Or, the Indians? Or, his own self?

• •

Hoare's Hallucination

But, the present constitution is to be brought in by consent of people to be worked by the people for the good of the people. Yet, who shall or can disturb this stupefying Self-Satisfaction applied to the soul of one of the ablest and well-meaning Secretaries of State that India ever hand? Was ever such self-deception, the worst of all deceptions witnessed or heard? Has there beeen a worse attack of political hallecination than that from which Sir Samuel Hoare is suffering?

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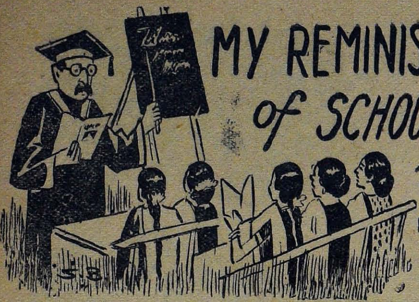

MY REMINISCENCES of SCHOOL DAYS

By Miss. G. R. SAMUEL

1. The teacher having had to teach us a scene from Shakespeare's Othello, to test us on how much of the author's life, works and fame we knew, questioned "Can any one of you tell me why Shakespeare became so famous?"

A smart fellow got up and readily answered "Yes Sir. Because, he married a woman eight years elder to him, when he was but a boy of eighteen."

2. On the sudden and tragic demise of the Sciene teacher of our school-the Dindigal English High school for girls-a young, fashionable, gentleman graduate was immediately appointed in that place. Just then we were doing the 'Dark Room Experiments' in Light. The new teacher finding the 'Dark Room' a small one, wished to know how the late teacher managed to do these experiments and explain them to us. After much deliberation a girl timidly rose from her seat and answered "Sir, our late mistress used to perform the experiments in the Dark Room and ask each one of us to go to her alone, one by one, closing the door after each."

3. The period was almost nearing to its close when the teacher asked Tommy—a friend of mine—to spell the word' God' correctly. Without any hesitation he spelt D.O.G. Seeing the the teacher's ire on its ascent, he thus explained "Why Sir, the other day our Mathematics teacher thought us that 2 x 3 x 4 is just the same as 4 x 3 x 2, and so G. O. D. is just the same as D. O. G. Now did you understand?"

4. Our Geography teacher had acarcely a hair on his head, which was rather too big for the poor old man to carry about, though he couldn't help it.

Teacher: "Krishna, what is the definition of a desert?"

Krishna: "Desert is a place where nothing grows."

Teacher: "Yes." "Venu, give an example?"

Venu: pointing to the smooth head of the teacher said "Your head, Sir."

5. Mr. K. D. Narasimha Iyengar M. A., M. Sc., and L. T., had an incorrigble liking for 'the scented arecanut' and was never seen in class without some in his mouth. Despite his long tail from the University, he took special care of his 'Iyengar Govi' on his forehead. That day he was teach us 'The Ruminating animals' and as an introduction he put this question." Name an animal which chews the cud, and which possesses horns and a tail?" Answer "Mr. K. D. Narsimha Iyengar M. A., M. Sc., & L. T."

6. One day our Headmaster who was a confirmed bachelor of 55, who was on the eve of his retirement, entered our class room through one of its two doors and said "I will return and engage you now". He said the latter half of the sentence looking straight in the face of Leela, the only girl student in the class, who, unfortunately or fortunately happened to enter the class room by the other door being a little late that morning. Five minutes later, the teacher came when all of us joined together and began to produce all sorts of musical sounds.

Teacher. "What is the reason for this peculiar kind of Music?"

Answer. "We know you area man of his word, and so would keep up your promise to Miss. Leela."

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7. Our poetry teacher who was a very taciturn and self conscious youth of 25, was so proud that he would not condescend to mingle with us. One day he was caught in a heavy rain on the road and he had to take shelter under a big peepul tree by the side of a tank where some women were bathing. My pal, Rajan, saw the teacher in this distress. The next day Rajan was asked to recite the poem we were learning then—the well known 'Village Blacksmith.' The boy amidst profound silence trying hard to suppress a giggle, jumped up and recited.

"Under the spreading Peepul tree,
My sturdy master stands,
A stern and morose man is he,
Who passed the tank by chance;
He lingers there, I'm sure; see
The women bathe and dance."

Have you seen Her?

By 'BHRUNG'

"HAVE you seen her?"

I turned sharply to see the speaker, and lo, the person had already turned away from me. I was astonished and wondered as to the meaning of the question. What could he mean? I thought and thought, but could not think of any solution. The next day again, I came across the same man. Again he asked the same question and started moving away, but I stopped him. He was pale and haggard. His clothes were torn and tattered. I persuaded him to accompany me to my Lodgings, and after having placed a cup of milk and some fruits, tried to make him as cosy as possible. He ate very little and sparingly. Then I asked him what he meant by those words, "Have you seen her?"

Here's what he narrated.

Long long ago, I have lost all count of time, I was a student of the W—— College at B———. My parents were rich and quite well to do, I needed for nought. I had everything I wished for, and all that riches could buy. I was loved and petted by my parents for I was their only child. One day, as I was standing near the College I suddenly heard someone cooing in a sweet voice," Won't you buy these pretty flowers?" I turned and my eyes fell on a sight that I shall never forget. There before me stood a girl of sweet sixteen, beautiful as only a maiden can be. She had pretty hazel eyes, wide and scared as the hunted fawn's, with long tresses of black hair and rosy-red lips with a flicker of a smile around them. But there also existed a certain kind of pathos around the charming face that created a kind of feeling of pity and respect in the heart of the looker. I paid her some paltry coin and bought all the flowers she had. With a grateful glance towards me she turned away, murmuring thanks.

Again the next day at precisely the same time she met me and entreated me to buy some flowers. Curiosity prompted me to question her about her family, and she told me that she had an old father, who was practically blind due to old age and could not earn a living, so she was obliged to try to earn enough to feed herself and her father. Her mother had died at her birth, and it was father who had lovingly brought her up.

I was moved by her story and accompanied her to her dwelling, which was but a ramshackle house in a very dilapidated condition. But everything in the house and the rooms themselves were quite clean, neat and tidy. As soon as we entered she uttered, "Father, here's a gentleman who has been very kind to come to see you." A certain kind of light seemed to hover round the face of the old man. He thanked me for my kindness and bade me take seat near him on the mat, and then blessed me fervently for the interest I had shown in poor people.

I was rich and rolled in riches. My pocket money was more than I really needed, so it was not hard to help those two. I secured for them a decent dwelling and helped them in innumerous ways. Some time passed and I fell in love with Nalini. I was attracted towards her by her simple charms as anyone would have been had he but seen my Nalini. Simplicity was her charm. Purity of soul and action were her attractions. Every moment passed in her company brought to my mind the worthiness of that flower-girl. She became the light of my eyes, the goddess of my heart, the possessor of the shrine in my heart. I could think of nothing else but her day and night.

My parents came to know of this and admonished me severely, but I cared not. What cared I for the world, when my world was nothing else but Nalini? Just then fate seemed to have decided to bring the matters to a crisis, for Nalini's father expired after a very short illness. I consoled my dear Nalini in the best way I could. It was a great blow to her. All her spirit was gone. There was none in the wide world to help her, one to whom she could turn for help.

I at once decided to do what was duty to me. I decided to stand by her, no matter what the consequences would be. I resolved to marry her, and thus support her. I expressed to her my love and knew well that the love was well retured, but she would not consent to such a great sacrifice on my part. What would the people say? What would my parents think? Will they ever agree to such a union? I explained to her that in marrying her there would be no sacrifice on my part, for I was marrying her for love's sake and cared not what the world would say.

At last love prevailed over her doubts and with a singing heart I went home, thinking I would easily persuade my parents to give in to my wishes for the love they bore for me. But they proved to be adamant. They flared up, cursed and atlast entreated me to give up this foolish (?) thought, endeavoured to turn me faithless to my love, but could I ever dream of living without my Nalini?

Under the curses of my father and wailing of my dear mother I left my home, the home of my childhood and youth never to enter it again. As I marched away from the house thoughts of the happy days, I had passed under its roof came to me bringing tears in my eyes, at the same

time it was a consolation to me that I was in the right, and I was acting in accordance with the wishes of my heart. With a sad but still happy heart I arrived at Nalini's place and we were married the next day in a quiet manner. Somehow I managed to secure a clerical job in a firm on a paltry sum of Rs' 35/- and even in that small sum strted life quite happily. Our love made up for all our wants, and the sacrifices we made for one another brought nothing but joy to our loving hearts. A sweet word from her smiling lips brought new energy to me to work the harder.

Days passed and months rolled by but my parents never once cared to inquire or see whether we lived or how we passed our days. They expressed to one and all that I had disgraced *his* family name by my action, and I was practically no son of theirs. I am sure my mother must have yearned to see me but under the domineering character of my father, she could not help anyway to improve the matters, and could do nothing else than shed mute tears.

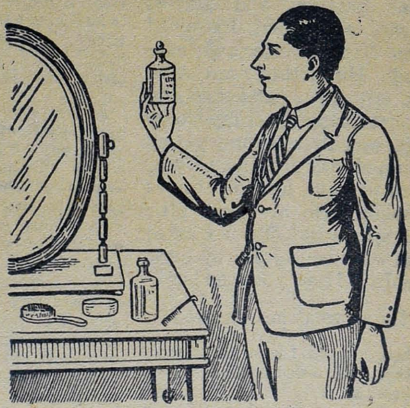
Suddenly the axe of retrenchment fell on me. I did not know what to do. I had repeatedly visited all the firms and offices in search of a job, but without success. With the sweet words of my dear Nalini ringing in my ears and with renewed energy would I start from home every morn in hunt of a job, only to return every eve dejected and tired. My dear Nalini began to reproach and blame herself for all my suffering and misery. In thousand and one ways did I give her to understand that it was no fault of hers, but she would not be consoled. Day by day she grew weak and pale. The roses in her cheeks disappeared. Her face never wore a smile. I was at my wits end, as to what I should do. I knew not what fate held for us in store.

One day, as usual I went out in search of a job. The day was the most wretched of my life. Before starting from home my Nalini came to me and lovingly, yet with tears in her eyes kissed me most tenderly. Ah! That kiss!! Here, here, feel it. How the skin burns. Oh, I cannot express it in mortal words. Now that I remember of that moment, she was surely more tender and loving towards me on that morn than usual.

In the evening, disappointment raging in my heart as usual, I returned home, but where was my Nalini? She was not there to welcome me as usual, in words sweet and loving. High and low I searched for her in the house. I yelled and shouted but she came not. I ran out of the house shouting and yelling her sweet name and so have I been roving in search of her up to now. Some have whispered that her body was found in the well near our house, but I believe it not. How can I? Never will my Nalini leave me. Oh! Say have you seen her anywhere?"

Before I could say anything he had got up from his seat and ran out of the house. Never have I seen him again after that day. His memory at times haunts me and brings before my vision his pale and haggard face, and his lean and lanky form, and makes me think of the sad game that Fate at times plays with us mortals. Oh dear readers, do treat the man a bit more kindly in case you come across him somewhere someday, asking, "Have you seen her?"

You are as old as you look!
WHY LOOK OLDER ?



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Bhai Funzin's Open Letter TO The Mayor of Madras

Requesting Him to Resign his Mayoralty for Sake of Principle, Policy and People

Mr. Mayor of Madras,

A reasonable period has passed since the recent developments in the Party to which you belonged, led to your resigning the Chief Whipship which you held.

Needless is it here to enter into the unhappy history of the short, swift and severe controversy that brought about the drastic step which the Hon'ble Raja of Bobbili; the Chief Minister of Madras had to take.

Suffice it to say that in the wake of the letter of Sir Shunmugam Chetty, you tendered your resignation to your place as Chief Whip which was accepted.

In dealing with the whole matter, whatever might be the differences of opinion about the Party out-look of the Raja of Bobbili, there is no donbt that the Raja acted in a frank, fearless, and a most selflesss manner with the only view of the best interests of the Party which he had undertaken to work for, entirely for its weal.

True, there have been "protests" against the Raja, there have beeen declarations of "full confidence" in you, there have been "Telegrams" in support and admiration of your excellent services to the Party.

But to the credit of the Chief Minister, the Raja of Bobbili, it must be admitted that with a rare courage of conviction, he refused to be led by such communications.

In the course of that controversy, the circumstances of your resignation and renomination to the City Council were laid before the public with a frankness and courage that removed the sting of such an action by its very manly transparency.

Wrong though such an action might be, yet the Rajah Sahib will be absolved from blame, from the high motives that impelled him to such an act.

So that it is plain that the support you had by which you were made the Chief Whip also helped you to the place of the Mayor of Madras.

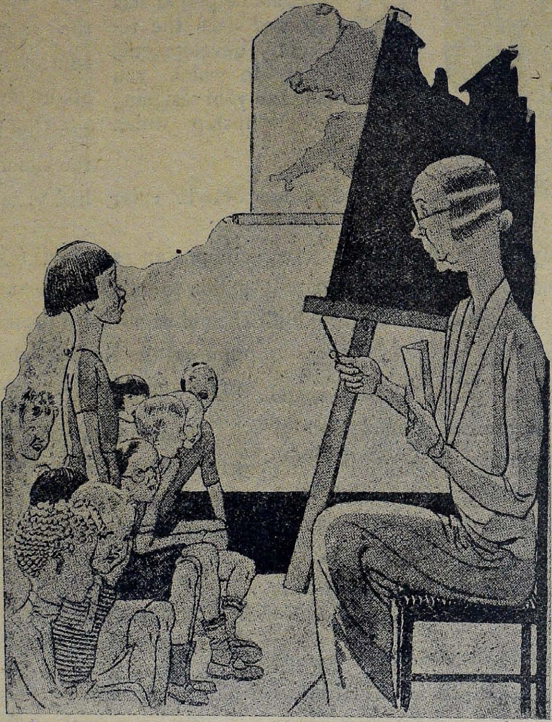
To be as frank as the Rajah of Bobbili himself, it is not possible to conceive of any claim that you can have to the place of the Mayor, nominated as you are, and it is a travesty of the elementary principle of Self-Government, that you should be the Mayor, and it becomes even more unfair that you should retain the Mayoralty when you tendered your resignation to the Chief Whipship.

It was expected that having come out of the one, you would consistently relinquish the other. But as you have not done so, in the interests of the City, in the interests of the Party which you professed in your resignation letter to serve solely, it is only fair to request you to resign the Mayoralty of Madras—an act of Principle, which if you adopt betimes, might entitle you to another term, under different circumstances, for the very reason that you resigned.

Yours Ever Cheerfully,

"BHAI FUNZIN"

—:(o):—



(Teacher) " Now, Joan, what is the principle use of Cowhide?."

(Pupil) " Er—please, Teacher ; to keep the cow together, Teacher ! "

SOAPS

By 'NARIMAN'

There are moments, quite lucid moments in my life when I wonder if people give sufficient thought to soaps.

When I mean to say folks, is why shouldn't men and women and children who inhabits God's Good Earth talk about soaps as often as they talk about cinema stars or inferiorty complex, when if anything, they know their soaps much more intimately than their cinema stars or even their inferiority complexes? Good old echo answers why.

And what makes the matter all the more surprising to me is the fact that you can always have heaps of things to say about soaps. Imagine what a deal of fragrance (to name only one quality) could be lent to any conversation if somebody puts in;

"I wonder Mr. Breadloughleuy, if you use pink soap?"

It gives a touch of romance to the whole affair It transforms Mr. Bradloughluey from a squat armaments profiteer into a cherubic cherub Pink soap. What visions of hectic adventure and tropical skies, pirates' coves and pnumatic drills cannot be conjured up by these two words. Not many, I confess, but then should it be always so? should we always be reminded of dish water and rabid dogs when some one mentions soaps?

It doer not strike us easily what a great debt civilisation owes to soaps. To give only one instance, where would our humorous writers be if it wasn't for soaps? How if soaps were non-existent, could they have written about pompous men stepping upon a chunk of Colgate's and measuring their dignified length on the bath room floor? Again, if there were no soaps, clearly there could not have been any soap boxes. Which horrible fact would make the most cucumbery citizen sit up and take notice, would it not? I mean if there really were no soap boxes where would our demagogues stand, figuratively and literally? Deprive a democracy of soap-boxes, and I say emphatically, you deprive it of its life blood.

And still again, consider the plethora of pulchritude that has been made possible by soap. Take the advertisement section of any of our illustrated magazines There is the terrifying picture of what happened to the man who did not take Bongo's Backache pills in time. The illustration of the exact way in which Comehither's cough drops act upon your tonsils without in the slightest way during injury to your pet inte-tines, is, what is that word?, revolting. And then there is the waring of the timorous tooth brush not to mention the danger of the clogging corn plaster. Your spirit is crushed. You imagine you are aneamic, billous, constipated, diabetic erysipelatic, and so on right up to zestless And then like a beam of sunlight, smiles at you the blonde from the soap advertisement. You live again. The world is once again a garden and not dispensay.

Yes folks, we owe a lot to soap. But in this defence, I am not going to be unscrupulously one sided. I am not going to hide the fact from my readers that there are occasions, very painful occasions when soap does let one down rather badly. Anybody who has tried to stand up on a piece of soap will bear me out—*if he is still alive.*

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It cures Otorrhoea, Otitis, Tympanites, Inflammation, and all other distressing diseases of the ear, including deafness if not of long standing. It tones the auditory nerves, and removes all pain from the head and ears. It is soothing and is free from all sorts of irritation. In the evacuation of pus and all other septic matter it possesses a remarkable power.

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Our Cure—gives prompt and speedy relief. We can now unhesitatingly commend this wonderful application to the general public with the firm conviction that with a bottle of our specific the severest agony following scorpion and insects poisoning may be relieved almost instantaneously.

Per Box As. 8.

What I Know About Dogs

BY H. N. C.

DOGS are of many kinds. There are bull dogs and there are sheep dogs not to mention St. Bernard dogs and lucky dogs and hot dogs. I like hot dogs the best of all, especially when I am not called upon to pay for them

Dogs, it is a widely held belief, are great friends of mankind, but if you want to know the truth, that is all bosh, no dog ever really cared for a man, and it is a well-known fact that dogs hate actresses. Though why a dog should pick upon an actress when he has a whole host of objects to vent his spite upon—from tailors to vacuum-cleaner salesman—is more than I can tell.

Now I will come to the uses of dogs. These are various. Thay are in the first place, used by school boys to write essays upon. Authors use them at times to wipe their pens, but I think a cat is more trustworthy in this matter Also, if you want to contract hydrophobia, you may agitate the cannine nether extremity, or in King's English, pull the blighter's tail. There are may other uses of dogs, but I think those given above will suffice for the moment.

I have observed that dogs express their emotions by wagging their tails. Though I am not certain on the point, I am inclined to believe that these emotions when translated into human speech mean, "Hey you big ape, now are you going to fetch me a nice fat juicy bone or are you not?" In this connection I may be allowed to mention that a bitch is more prone to wag her tail than a male dog, which fact supplies us with a useful way to tell the sexes apart. Of course biologists have their own methods for telling the cannine sexes apart, and I am told that they very rarely make a mistake.

Dogs have not many teeth, but the few that they have can do quite a deal of mischief. Oh yes, and if you are inclined to doubt my statement, you have only to stand on a dog's jaw for a couple of seconds to make sure

Puppies are even more interesting than dogs, puppies are. Their most important business in life is to chew slippers, portmanteaus, mackintoshes, baby's bouncer, baby's soother, baby's mother's hand bag,——in fact anything that may be made of leather or India rubber or both.

Now the question naturally arises, when does a puppy cease to be a puppy and become a doggie? One school of thougnt dismisses the momentous question merely by muttering the formula, 'Once a puppy always a puppy!' But this clearly is an exaggeration. Personally I believe that a puppy becomes a doggie when its teeth grow strong enough to pierce through:—

1. Flannel trouser seat (1/6 inch thick.)

2. Flannel underwear. (1/8 inch thick.)

3. Human epidermis. (Thick or otherwise as the case may be.)

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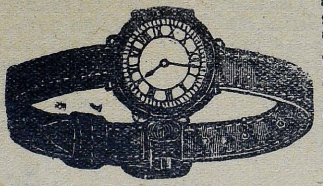

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Price Rs. 5-8-0 each. Rs. 5-12-0 with chain.

PROVIDENCE.

By Bombardier.

"TIS strange but true; for truth is always strange! Stranger than fiction", wrote Byron.

One evening for want of something better to do I had sat down to write a murder story. Not one that would stir blood-lust in my readers, or even one in which the villain is hacked to pieces with a rusty bread knife, but a story containing a quiet and respectable murder. My sanguinary thoughts were interrupted by visitors, a very old retired couple. In conversation about good and bad summers, I asked the lady where she had spent her worst summer in India, and in answer she told me the following story. I write it as I heard it. Names do not, I think, matter after a lapse of forty-six years.

The Connaughts, my husband's regiment, were stationed at Jullunder when I arrived in India and it was there that I spent my first three summers, the three most unhealthy years of my life. Looking back I often wonder how I survived those terrible summers. In fact, the third one was an absolute nightmare to me. I fully believed that I would never live through it. I was quite unable to eat and reduced by the heat to a mere skeleton, I had lost all interest in life, and resigned to my fate I just appeared to linger on.

The regiment was suddenly transferred to Dinapore. How I managed to live through that journey is still a mystery to me. At our new station facilities existed for sending the families to a hill depot, but as there was accommodation for only a limited number it was left to the Medical Officer to choose the most deserving families by consideration of their health. We were all brought before him, and from amongst all the families he picked me out first, on account of my sickly appearance. At that time I was suffering so badly with anæmia that my complexion had a greenish tinge in it.

This, however, was not the final word. The men of the regiment were away fighting in Sikkim at the time, and left behind in charge of the rear party and families, was a notoriously unjust man, Acting-Sergeant-Major Blackney. His wife and daughter, tremendous big women, fat and in the pink of health, had arrived from England only a month before. And to enable them to go to the hills he substituted his wife's name for mine at the top of the doctor's list. This he did with a full knowledge of my precarious condition, as his quarters were in the same building as mine were. I didn't so much as question this action. Due to my health, I suppose, my state of mind was such that I didn't seem to care what happened to me.

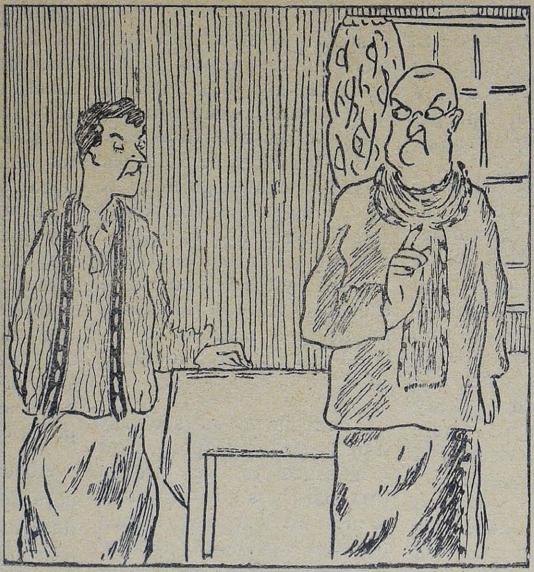
About this time the Colonel's wife, who had been confined to bed with a serious illness for nearly six months, was returning to England and required a nurse. Her other nurses did not want to leave India and as I was offered the job I took it. In spite of what my friends said about my state of health being unable to stand the voyage, I felt that to stay in Dinapore

meant certain death and that dying at sea could not be worse than in Dinapore.

We arrived safely in England. I felt that I had been give a new lease of life. And although my patient's relatives at first remarked that inspite of her long illness her nurse looked far worse than she did, it was not long before I picked up again. I, to whom another summer on the plains would have meant death and who had literally been left to die, was saved by Providence.

The first letter I received from India contained the news that Acting-Sergeant-Major Blackney had been stabbed to death. His name was a byword in the regiment owing to his injustices. One night a man whom he had harmed happened to be passing his window and seeing Blackney lying on his bed alone in the room he had entered it stealthily and avenged himself by transfixing his enemy to the bed with his bayonet.

The murderer confessed his guilt and paid the ultimate penalty. On his way to the gallows his last words were, "I am not sorry that I killed him, but I wouldn't have thought of it had his wife and daughter been with him."



"Henceforth you can't hope to get a pie from me; you are dead to me," went on the father irately.

Son:—"Be it so, Pa. Give me Rs. 100, at least for my burial expenses!"

Ladies' Page

ON 'LOSING MEN'

The Author

Sreemathi Sakunthala Thambi, the talented Cinema-star (formerly of G. P. Cn.)

SO much has been written about how to hold men that I feel it's high time something was written on how to lose a man. Personally I've had difficulty about losing men all my life, and so must a lot of other girls. For example once I had a man after me who simply wouldn't let me out of his sight. In the end I simply had to pay up the remaining three instalments on the Typewriter I had bought from him.

Another sad case was of a girl friend of mine whom men simply pestered to death. She was cross-eyed, knock-kneed, fat forty eight and had protruding teeth. But her pa left her fifty thousand chips and the men ran after her. Thus into the life of every girl comes a day when she is up against the question—" how to lose him ?"

Now, some women have an idea that the way to lose a man effectively is to shoot him or drop a bit of arsenic in his cup of coffee. But this method though popular in the West is pretty dangerous! For the police are an inquisitive set of people. There is also no use trying to lose a man by asking him for money. This system works beautifully with relatives and friends but a man is flattered by being asked for money even when he hasn't got it. But if you attempt this method of man-removing the safest way is to ask for a very large sum! There is also no use telling most men you hate 'em etc Men regard this as a sort of 'come-on' and immediately grab the girl and try cave-man tactics! Telling a man that he is a brute only makes him feel important.

These are various methods which will easily lose you the man One of these is to keep on endlessly saying 'you don't love me any more.' If you go on saying it he will come to believe it himself! Another procedure is to demand nothing from a man. Never ask him for anything; bring you a glass of water, take you to pictures, etc. On the contrary you wait on him. Offer him *your* chair light his cigarett etc. Another way is to make a fool of him in front of other folks. Pick on him in public. Another method can be worked with success if you have a telephone. Call him on the phone often. Persist in it.

There are of course many other little ways in which you can put a man off such as asking why he isn't like Ramon Novarao, telling his secrets to your friends and deliberately misinterpreting what he says.

Well girls I hope you get me when I advise you to follow these methods to lose a man. If you want to keep him, desist from doing all these!

THE MUSTACHE OF DANIEL

By J. H. ACOTT.

"AS a commercial traveller and salesman you're as good as a a tapeworm!,' said calthrop senior, his grizzled moustache waving in the breeze. "And as a son you're as much good to me as an overgrown wart!"

John Calthrop, red hair standing erect in its usual state of untidiness, grinned sheepishly and clicked his teeth up and down, two or three times.

"Look here, Pater," he sniffed at last, "you absolutely can't go on like this. I'm sorry I lost the order with Matthews, but when I accidentally jabbed him in the eye with one of your infernal Corn Cutters, he lost his shirt and bleated at me. Then I saw red."

"Oh shut up!" said his father wearily. "I tell you, you are so much bad beer......a wash out. I'm going to give you one more chance. Fail this time, and I'm finished with you, see?"

John extended a hand like a leg of mutton.

"If I don't sell at least six thousand of your infer......er, Priceless Potato Peelers to this London firm, you can dis-own me."

Staggering under a bag of Patterson's Patent Potato Peelers and Cornson's Capital Corn Cutters, John reached the small station of Slough-on-the-Marshes, with his hat the wrong way round, his collar twisted, and one shoelace flapping in the wind.

The warning blast of the engine of the train gave speed to John's lagging footsteps. He pushed in front of a small, stout man in a brand new looking suit and an outsize in bowler hats, and grabbed a ticket.

"Here, what's this?" based the small man. "Get out of the way, young man. Don't stand there all day. Ticket to Charing Cross," this to the leisurely clerk.

"Squirt!" muttered John and dashed towards the already moving train. He ran with it for a few steps, saw no vacant seats, turned, and with an amazing burst of speed, butted the stout man, who has a stamping and gesticulating as the train rolled by, in the stomach. The stout man said "whoops!' and sat down, while John, seeing his opportunity, flung his bag of samples through an open window and clambered after it.

As he landed on a seat, he gaped. The object of his goat-like gaze was rubbing her right foot, her pretty features twisted in pain. John's bag of samples lay before her.

"Oh......I sav...I say!" he stuttered. "That's bad......I......I'm sorry. I didn't see you sitting there."

"Didn't you?" she asked sweetly, his abject look seeming to appease her somewhat. "You've nearly decapitated my little toe!"

"Good Heavens!" he snorted, and she laughed gaily, her blue eyes sparkling. John thought them the most beautiful he had seen for a long time.

Things became fairly easy after that, and then the girl started suddenly.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I'd completely forgotten Daniel! He promised to join me at Slough-on-the-Marshes and travel on with me to London."

John gaped afresh. She went on.

"You didn't happen to see Daniel on the platform, Mr.——er..."

"Not 'er!" he broke in, "but John, sired by Hector. Daniel? Not the lion tamer? What's he look like, Miss.——er..."

"Not 'er!" she said, smiling, "but Mavis, sired by......"

"Thank you. Now is Daniel merely a dog, or one of those germ carrying Persian Cats? You've no idea how I hate them!"

"Neither," she answered. "He's a man, short, stout and with one of those dinky, tooth-brushy moustaches.,' She leaned forward at the sudden gleam of anger in his eyes.

"A—a tooth-brushy moustache!' he said. "One of those things you want to wipe your boots on when you see it? No." he lied stoutly "I don't think I saw anything of a Thing like that."

He was disappointed in her. Short and stout! Horrible! A toothbrushy moustache! How he hated toothbrushy moustaches! Imagine her loving a toad like the one he'd left grovelling among the banana skins on the platform! It was enough to blight one's opinion of mankind! John began to look ferocious.

"Pardon me, but is it possible for you—glorious girlhood and all that, to love a tick like this moustache fellow?"

She smiled sweetly, mysteriously.

"Yes, I *do* love him. But don't you think you're getting a bit too personal?' She tried to look angry, but John was still indignant. Here he'd been prepared to lay himself at her feet and gaze humbly at her shoe soles. And she talked of loving this blot—this—this insect with a moustache!

The train flashed into Charing Cross, and at the thought of having to part from this fresh and charming girl, John began to relent.

"Do you think you'd like me better if I grew a tooth-brushy moustache too?" he shuddered at the word and thought.

She laughed that gurgling laugh.

"No you look well enough as you are But try some of Daniel's Decided Hair Cream."

He helped her into a taxi outside.

"Er—er—couldn't we—that is—I mean to say—couldn't we see just a bit of each other in the near future?" he asked hopefully.

"Certainly," she laughed. "You can take me out to dinner one of these evenings. But I've got two or three engagements with Daniel."

He turned sadly away at the fresh mention of this odious fly in the glue-pot. He was just going to ask her her address when the taxi shot away.

This interlude over, he was brought uncomfortably back to thoughts of what would happen to him if he did not bring off this Potato Peeler deal. Looking the epitome of a salesman, he walked up the steps of Dennering and Sons the next day, determined to get an order for at least ten thousand Peelers.

He was shown into the Manager's office.

"I've come from," he began, and stopped.

the taxi with a Cornson's Corn Cutter, thinking of the deal in Potato Peelers that would now never come off.

He could not resist walking into Carmichel's that night, after battering his way through a boisterous wind.

"If I can but see her eat—her dainty mouth picking at some luscious mutton chop or other, my sorrow will be lessened," he confided in a wooden-faced and patient waiter. "Oh, yes—yes, one table for myself.

As they reached the street, Dan squeaked loudly as his hat was swept from his head and whirled through the crowded throughfare John with an eye to a favourable top-hat chase, culminating in the sale of millions of Patterson's Potato Peelers, shot off in pursuit. With a troop of excited dogs at his heels, most probably thinking that he was the latest type of bone, he all but caught the hat, slipped on the stomach of an old lady's poodle, and sat on Daniel's head gear.

"I'm sorry. I did'nt see sitting there."

Before his outraged gaze, emerging from a position of embrace and murmuring, "Daniel darling, don't forget dinner at Carmichel's to night," was the girl of the railway carriage.

John's mouth dropped, for Daniel, who was going to be the back-bone of Patterson's Potato Peelers, was the scab he'd butted in the stomach! John turned and fled, escaping the pursuing Daniel with great difficulty.

When he arrived at his hotel, he absent-mindly tipped the driver of

behind those palms. Wine too, Henry, for I am about to proceed on a wild debauch."

He was nearing the third glass of wine when he saw her enter—on Danieli's arm. He finished his meal absently, his eyes on Mavis's figure Admiringly he watched her crack a few nuts, and then followed her and her companion as they left the room The hated figure of Daniel with the brand new looking suit and an outsize in top-hats, was almost maddening.

He picked himself up and dashed back to the starting point, was just about to hand the hat over, his eyes on Mavis's face, when he became conscious of the concertina-like feeling of the thing he held,

Bearing his father's warning in mind, and with the faint hope of selling Potato Peelers on the morrow, John dropped the hat and fled, one or two stray dogs still at his heels.

A telegram awaited him at the hotel.

"Maggot. I give you twenty-four hours. Fail and you're fatherless."

It was with some trepidition that he walked into the Manager's Office at Dennering and Sons the next morning. The girl was not in the room, and he began to feel more courageous.

"Er—I've come," he began, but was cut short by Daniel.

"Of course—of course—pleased to meet you, Mr.—er—thank you, Mr. Calthrop. Why did you run off like that last evening, after you had rendered me a valuable service—a very valuable service?"

John was baffled by his effusiveness.

Daniel paused as the door opened and Mavis, radiant as ever, walked into the room.

"Meet my secretary and daughter, Mr. Calthrop.

John was standing, his mouth agape absorbed in the girl.

"Daniel's daughter!" he gaped. "By Jericho! What a superb ass I've been! Your daughter and I, sir, have met before, under very promising conditions."

She came towards him, smiling gladly, and put her hand in his He was incoherent with joy, and slipped, an arm round her waist. Daniel smiled jovially as he looked at them.

"The business?" he smiled at last "Will you order several thousand excellent Patterson's Patent Potato Peelers from my father's firm?" asked John breathlessly.

"After you saved my top-hat! Why, certainly. It's done. Come round to the office to-morrow and we'll fix up the details. It's obviously no good trying to do that now. And now, you two clear out to lunch or something. I'm busy too." He pushed them through the door.

Carmichel's seemed brighter and happier than the last time John had seen it.

"Darling," he said when they had finished their meal, "When will you marry me?"

"Now, to-morrow, any time," she answered softfy and leaned across the table to kiss him.

He leaned back again and started suddenly.

"But, look here, darling, what beats me is why Dady Daniel should have taken such a sudden and striking pash for me. Apart from butting him in the stomach and sitting on his best top-hat, I can't see what I've done!"

She gurgled with laughter.

"Well, I think I will tell you now, you silly. You see, Daniel always had a dreadful fear of dying away from home and amongst strangers. And so he always carries his funeral expenses, and money for one or two odds and ends, in notes, in the lining of his hats. Isn't it lucky?"

"Good Heavens!" he said. "Lucky! It's the luckiest thing that has ever happened to me, except meeting you! And—er—have you noticed what a trim, dinky little toothbrushy moustache Daniel has? And now, let's go and grab a parson, or whoever it is that marries people!"

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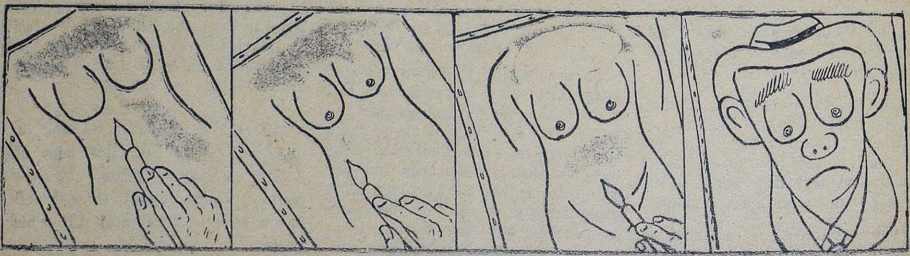


The Stranger

BY 'PECON'

AN expectant silence reigned in the small, dark, compartment. All eyes were turned towards the opening in the ceiling. Speculation ran riot. Who would be the next to join them? Would it be a friend or just a stranger?

The tension snapped as something came hurtling down upon them to rebound and stagger drunkenly against the far wall. Eyes strained towards the stranger as the blindness of total darkness slowly passed. Rays of light filtered through the fissures in the walls. In this faint light they studied the newcomer.

He looked very old and haggard and the earth was still thick on him. They could just discern the blazonry on his escutcheon. It was a strange one to them. Who and what could he be?

On his part the stranger frankly studied them, whilst striving to regain his breath. Just his luck, he cogitated, to be cast thus amongst strangers. English, too, by their looks. Possibly his enemies, if their nations were still warring.

Seeing that they still watched him in silence he smiled, and bowed.

"I must apologize, ladies and gentlemen," he said in his slow and faltering English, "for intruding thus upon you. Believe me, it was none of my choosing."

Someone, the proud crest of The East India Co., shining on his silver front, returned his salute.

"Pray don't apologize. You are very welcome. But—you are a foreigner, are you not?"

"Yes, I am Dutch, and I take it, you are British."

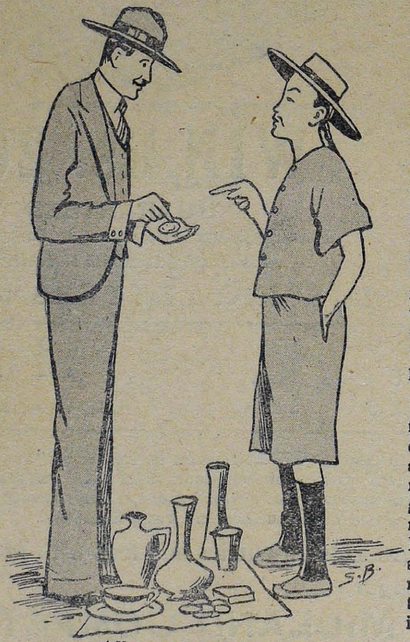
Silver Front bowed again in acknowledgment.

"Please tell me, sir, are our nations still at war?"

Silver Front was amazed. "At war!" he cried. "But no. We have had peace with Holland for quite a long while now. Didn't you know that, sir?"

"No," replied the other, "I did not However, I am very glad that there is peace between us." Then, slowly he added as it to vindicate his ignorance, "You see, I have lain buried so long that I know not of present affairs Our nations were at war at the time."

If anything, the astonishment of Silver Front and his companions



"*Here you are, Sir John.*"

increased on hearing this. In bewilder ment he asked, "Pray, sir, of wha year do you speak?"

"The year 1795 when the British recaptured Malacca."

"What! One hundred-one hundred and thirty odd years ago! Surely, sir, you cannot possibly mean that?"

A smile played upon the thin lips.

"I assure you, sir, that I speak the truth. I, myself, am one hundred and sixty-four years old." He turned round and added, "Observe for yourselves."

Hesitatingly, Silver Front said, "You may be right, sir, but I'll be dashed if I yet can see how it is at all possible."

The stranger volunteered, "If you like, I will be very pleased to tell you of my history."

Eagerly the others begged him to do so.

"I was born," he began, in Amsterdam in the year 1770 and earmarked for the Vereenigde Oostindische Co. Two years later I, and many others like myself, were transported by the frigate "Nederlanden" to the Company's trading post in Malacca.

"We arrived safely and for the next twenty years or so I led a wild and adventurous life. At times my masters were the garrison officers or rich merchants. More often I found myself serving some lowly one from the native section of the town." He paused awhile.

"But what would you have, sirs," he continued. "Is that not our predestined life? What tales of those years I could tell you! They would certainly interest you all.

"But to continue. On the morning of the big fight in 1795, when the English attacked us from their ships and from ashore, I found myself with my master, a proud Captain of Infantry, in the thick of the fight. At the close of that day, my Captain was cut down. As he fell, I dropped away from him and was soon trampled upon and buried deep in the mire of the battle-field.

"I felt no hurt, but I must admit that at the beginning I was rather impatient to be dug out. Then, at the years passed and nothing happened, I grew resigned.

"About a month ago, whilst foundations were being dug for a new building I was exposed to the view of one of the lowly diggers—a Chinese coolie. Excitedly he snatched me up, and whilst scraping the earth away from me, he called is companious. Soon I became the cynosure of all eyes but the loud of chattering the coolies drew upon them the notice of their overseer. On ascertaining that I was teh came of their ezcitement he took me over from them and soundly chided them for slacking in their work. That evening, the overseer gave me to his master,

"This man, after admiring me awhile, shipped me here. And now......".

* *

The box suddenly tilted as a hand grasped it and slid open the lid. The inquisitive fingers groped in it and brought the copper to light.

"Here you are, Sir John," said old Ah Fong, the curio dealer, "I think that this is what you were looking for."

Sir John took the small copper coin in his hands and examined it carefully.

"By Jove," he exclaimed at last," a real $\frac{1}{4}$ Stuiver of 1770 Just what I wanted. What may you be asking for it?"

THE END

WIN Rs. 200

GUARANTEED

(Sealed Key Solution Deposited with 'Funny Magazine.')

Last Posting Date 10th March 1935.

MISSING LETTERS NO. 10.

1.	P R O — —	Trial.	4.	B O — R D	Food.
2.	O B T U — —	Blunt.	5.	A — MIRAL	Chief Commander...
3.	R O U S —	Stir up,	6.	W — L L	Power of Choosing.

Rules:—Ref. Chambers XX. Entrance fee As. 4 per entry. The Prize of Rs. 200 will be awarded to the competitor sending in an all correct solution. One Chambers XX. Dictionary will be given to the sender of larger number of entries. The decision of the Manager is final and legally binding in all matters regarding this competition. Other rules as usual. Result will be published in "Funny Magazine."

Address all entries and fees with M. O. receipts to:

The Manager,

MIDLAND COMPETITIONS.

Mint Buildings Post. MADRAS.

Result of Missing Letters No. 7.

1. RETRATE. 2. PYGMY. 3. MYSTIFY. 4. BOUSE. 5. DANG. 6. DISCANT. 7. BROAD.

Claims must reach us before 10-3-35.

What I Know About Big Game Hunting

By H. N. CLAY

BIG game hunting is the sport of retired colonels, not so retired peers, and Rajahs, (to be distinguished from oojahs, quite a distinct species of animal altogether.) It is a very exciting sport. In fact you cannot think of a more exciting sport, than big game hunting except perhaps tiddly-winks, or 'I–dodge–my–tailor!' There are more thrills in big game hunting," I am quoting from that famous authority I. Shootem, "than even in getting married." which ought to give you an idea.

If you want to be a famous big game hunter, you have first got to buy a reliable gun, I emphasise *reliable* because when you pawn your gun, (as you will have to sooner or later, if you mean to take up big game hunting at all seriously) you will get a better price than if your gun was a cheap piece. You must also while you are at it, buy a book. What book? For heavens sake please don't ask insane questions. Buy any book. It won't matter as long as you take care not to read farther than the title And it will be helpful in so many ways. For instance, when you do become a famous big game hunter, you can have your photograph taken with your right knee on a tusker, your gun on your left knee, and a book called 'The gentle art of big game hunting' or 'Shootin' 'em an' gettin' 'em," under your arm. If you are anything of a big game hunter, your photograph will be published in every illustrated paper of the country, and you will receive a letter of thanks with a cheque enclosed, from the publishers of the book. Yes, it is very important, this business of buying books.

The next step is to select a jungle. Both Africa and India are full of jungles; so that you have only to make a list of these, hold a pin firmly between thumb and forefinger, and stab it into the list with your eyes closed. The jabbed jungle is YOUR jungle. Note: The above process should be worked when nobody is looking at you; otherwise it may greatly endanger your reputation.

Big game hunters too, like all obedient tax payers, are expected to know a few technical terms. For the convenience of my readers I append a short lexicography. (Advanced students should of course refer to that other great work of mine: Lexicography without tears.)

SAFARI: A word of Arabic origin. I am hanged if I know what it means, but I advise all aspiring big game hunters to use it atleast twelve times every day. This will establish beyond all doubt that you are really a big game hunter.

MACHAN: An elevated platform built into a tree. Here you sit cross-legged and wait for your cat.

—

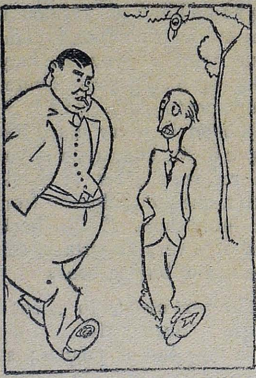
Raman's Catch.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Raman and he lived in a house which had a moat right round it. In the moat lived lots of fishes. The moat was right underneath his window. He could drop his fishing line out of the window to catch the fish that swam just underneath. Often he would catch many small fish.

One day he found a very big fish-hook, which is generally used for catching big fishes. So he fastened the hook to a line and with a bait threw it into the water and waited. But he did not get a single bite. Then came tea time and he had to leave his line. He had an idea. In the next room there was a bell-handle. He would fasten the line to the bell-handle and if a fish came and pulled the line the bell would ring.

Quite pleased with his idea, he went to tea. Like most boys of his age, he soon forgot all about the line and went to bed.

In the middle of the night the household was awakened by the ringing of a bell. Papa came downstairs to see what was happening, and he ran into a strange man. It was a burglar! He sent for a police-man and the burglar was handed



"Is your wife taking more exercise, as the doctor advised her?"

"If jumping to conclusions and running up bills can be called exercise."

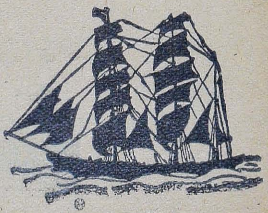
over. Still the bell went on ringing and Raman rushed to the window shouting.

"Come dad, I've caught a big fish. He is ringing the bell!"

Dad didn't understand at first, but it was all soon explained. They came to the window and pulled in the line and very soon a big fish weighing 11 lbs. lay gasping on the floor!

The mystery was solved. They had made two captures in one night. Dad had caught a burglar and sonny a fish!

We thought we'd play post-offices,
And from old envelopes
We took the stamps and settled down
To business with fond hopes.
But soon we had a nasty shock,
Which made us all go pale,
For Papa said, what we had done
Might get us all to goal!



COMPETITION NO. 8

Clue	Picture	Word
(A) GROWS FAT		ATTENS
(B) FISH		RILL
(C) DESCRIBES SOME PEOPLE		URLY
(D) SOME WOMEN ARE		OMELY
(E) UNEVEN		AGGED
(F) OPENING		ENT
(G) THIS PERSON DOES NOT LOITER		USTLER
(H) DESCRIBES SOME FOOD		ASTY

Closing Date 18—3—35

1st Prize Rs. 15 (*Only for Children below 18 years*) 2nd Prize Rs. 10.

Here is an easy and interesting puzzle for you to solve. The first letter in every word is missing and is replaced by a picture. Now all you have got to do is find out what word the picture stands for, and take the first letter of the word. For example A shows a fight. So take the letter F and you get FATTENS. There is also the clue ('Grows fat') to help you. Now go ahead and win a prize.

Children's Puzzle No. 8 (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 18TH MARCH 1935

A. FATTENS. *Age*............

B. ....

C. .... *Address*..............................

D. ....

E. ....

F. ....

G. ....

H. ....

....

Forward this coupon to 'Cousin Eddie' to become a member of Funzin's 'Youth League'.

Dear Cousin Eddie,

I wish to be a member of the Youth League. I enclose 4 as. in stamps.

Name..............................*Date of. Birth*..............................

Father's or Guardian's Name..............................

His Occupation..............................

Sex..............................

Address..............................

Signature..............................

Date..............................*193* .

Rs. 250 MUST BE WON

IN OUR

"Fill up" Competition

Closing date: 20-3-'35. ***Results on 5-4-'35.***

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 150. ***SECOND PRIZE Rs. 100.***

What you have to do

Below you are given 8 rows of incomplete words in which dashes are placed wherever letters are missing. You have to find out those missing letters with the aid of the clues given against each row and complete the words. For example in No. 1 F—LL are given. The clue for No 1 is Supply and the answer for that is FILL So the letter 1 is missing between F and L. Putting the letter 1 in the place of the dash the word. FILL is obtained as the solution. Similarly the others also can be solved. For other rules and conditions see next page.

Words.	Clues.
1. F—LL.	*1. Supply.*
2. T—PE.	*2. Used in printing.*
3. CHI— —	*3. Infant.*
4. CARRI— — —	*4. Vehicle.*
5. -EL — —E.	*5. Escape.*
6. — RE.	*6. Before.*
7. L— — TLE.	*7. Not much.*
8. FL — —R.	*8. One who flies.*

Rules & Conditions.

1. The First Prize of Rs. 150 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize of Rs. 100 to the next best in merit. In case of ties, the prizes will be equally divided.

2. The Solutions must be in the Special Funny Magzin Coupon. An entrance fee of one anna must be sent along with each entry sent in the Funny Magzin coupon. Readers may send as many attempts as they like. If the Funny Magzin coupons are not available, entries can be sent on plain pieces of paper with their name and address clearly filled up. Each entry sent on a plain piece of paper should be accompanied by 2½ as. [1½ as. the price of the coupon + 1 anna the entrance fee.]

3. Solutions must be addressed to the Competition Editor, " Fill up Competition" FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras, and must reach the Funny Magzin office before the evening of 20th March 1935. Entries with alternatives in the same coupon or entries received after the closing date will be disqualified.

4. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this Competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the solutions that may be mislaid or lost. No correspondence can be entered into.

5. The results of the " Fill up Competition " will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 5th April 1935.

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"Fill up" Competition.

CLOSING DATE 20th March 1935.

1 FILL. 5. ……………………
2. …………………… 6. ……………………
3. …………………… 7. ……………………
4. …………………… 8. ……………………

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature ……………………………………

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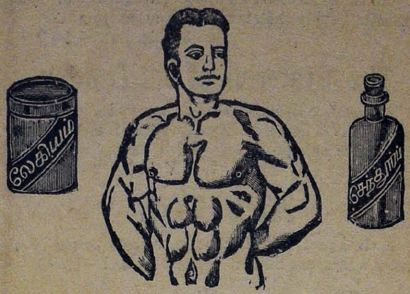

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